

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 171.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

COMMITTEES of fairs, exhibitions, dedications, and everything of a similar nature, will confer a favor by notifying the publisher of this Paper at as early a date as possible, so that arrangements may be made for illustration.

"FREE CUBA."

One of the "objections" sometimes rendered by people opposed to the immediate recognition of the Cubans as belligerents, entitled to equal rights with the Spanish royalists in obtaining warlike material from the United States, is, that there is no guarantee that slavery will be abolished even if Cuba becomes independent. Some of those persons say that the "Constitution," published as from the Revolutionary Government, is a mere sham, entitled to no confidence, and that the real purpose of the leaders is to perpetuate the odious institution, with all its incidental abominations.

Now, though a poor excuse is sometimes better than none—as an indication, at least, that the objectors feel that their course needs some sort of apology—the pretext in this case is utterly baseless in fact, if not actually base in design. Every guarantee that men in such circumstances could give has been uniformly furnished by the revolutionary leaders, not only in the written "Constitution" and other official acts, but also in the all-important practical fact that *all the Cuban slaveholders*, when joining the revolutionary forces, *promptly broke the chains of their slaves*, as a proper preliminary in their patriotic efforts for shattering the Spanish yoke by liberating Cuba from Spanish tyranny. And to this may be added the further emphatic reality, that the colored men form an essential portion of the Revolutionary army, in whose ranks they are welcomed as equals by their white comrades; while, to their credit be it said (as was justly said of the colored volunteers in our National Army), the courage and discipline of the negro in a good cause prove his worthiness to battle side by side with his white fellow-soldiers.

In saying thus much about the Colored Race in Cuba, and especially about the representatives of that race in the Cuban Army, we know that we utter the views and feelings of those most ardently engaged in the gallant strife for National Independence. And it gives us particular satisfaction to state, on the authority of letters from General Jordan himself, that that officer writes in warm commendation of "the docility, the discipline, the fidelity and the bravery of the negroes" in the army which he commands. It may be also mentioned, on his authority, that the prejudice about color has so little effect, that in many cases the non-commissioned officers are selected from among the blacks, whose orders are obeyed as promptly by their white fellow-soldiers as by comrades of their own color. Among the commissioned officers are several mulattoes, who are highly esteemed by their white subordinates, as well as by the superior officers. It may also be added, as a most interesting and conclusive portion of the record, that General Jordan says "the negro troops fight as bravely as their lighter-colored fellow-soldiers, and sometimes better." The conclusion of these testimonials concurs happily with the foregoing statements—to the effect that General Jordan's escort "are all blacks, commanded by a negro sergeant, who is himself a splendid soldier." These testimonials acquire additional importance from the well-known fact that General Jordan is one of our "Southern men," and served in the Confederate Army as the Chief-of-Staff under General Beauregard. And we refer to the facts thus particularly, to disabuse the minds of some well-meaning people, who are led to suppose that Jordan's prominence in the Cuban service is inimical to the welfare of the colored race. Justice all around—to the whites as well as to the blacks—requires that these facts should be thoroughly understood by all who are called upon to think or act concerning the Cuban revolutionary movements.

In connection with the foregoing statements, it is due to the subject and to the circumstances to add that, while the Spanish royalists are trying to supply themselves with war vessels and warlike material from the United States, General Jordan is desirous of seeing the Cuban patriots reinforced by "three or four thousand American soldiers who have seen service, to form a nucleus for additional Cuban volunteers, who greatly need such a body of well-disciplined soldiers as examples for discipline and military strategy." Even such a small reinforcement from among our "disbanded volunteers" would have a powerful effect in hastening the downfall of Spanish

tyranny in the unhappy island, especially if accompanied by suitable military stores—arms and ammunition—the better to supply the Cuban volunteers, who could be rendered vastly more efficient by such moderate "material aid" from American sympathizers. The course of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, from the date of the earliest movement for Cuban independence, renders it needless now to use many words in saying that, in all these matters, the gallant patriots of the "Ever-Faithful Isle" have our heartiest wishes and our warmest advocacy.

WAR SYMPTOMS IN EUROPE.

The latest intelligence from Europe indicates an important change of tactics in the movements of prominent revolutionists—such as Mazzini and Garibaldi. An outbreak has occurred in that part of the Austrian dominions known as Dalmatia, an important point in connection with provinces on the Danube—one object of which appears to be to effect a union of the Slavic provinces of Austria and Turkey in one independent confederated nationality, while other objects have far wider scope.

The alarm has aroused the Austrian Government to the most energetic efforts for suppressing the revolt; while indications of concurrence with the Dalmatians are furnished by other Slavic provinces in that region, whether now under Turkish or Austrian sway. Some facilities granted by the Turkish Government in allowing Austrian troops to march across Turkish territory, in order better to attack the Dalmatians, have aroused the jealousy of the Russian Emperor, who considers himself a champion of the Slavic race, and considers this co-operation between Turkey and Austria as imbecile to his empire. Seeing what comparatively slight causes or pretexts have occasioned great trouble about the Danubian provinces, it would not surprise us to find that the flame kindled in Dalmatia, threatening to sweep over kindred people along the Turkish border, will occasion complications among the leading Powers of Europe—however strongly some of them have struggled, and are now struggling, to prevent any disturbance of "the Eastern Question"—a question involving destruction to the Turkish Empire in Europe, and the transfer of the Russian capital to Constantinople.

But, it may be asked, how are Mazzini, Garibaldi, and other Italian or French revolutionists, connected with operations so remote from Italy and France? Those daring spirits know enough of warlike tactics to try to compass their objects by flank or rear movements—often more successful than direct attacks.

Commotion in the Slavic provinces of the Austrian and Turkish Empires could hardly fail to involve several other Powers—Russia among the foremost, with France and Italy. The disturbance thus created might afford hope for successful revolution in the two last-named countries: And indeed it is now said that the views of Mazzini and Garibaldi have pointed in this direction for considerable time—as the prospect of successful domestic insurrection must be very doubtful while their Governments are left undisturbed to frustrate the efforts and wreak vengeance on the friends of freedom in both nations.

It is in this roundabout way that some of the reformers in Italy and France are aiming at success for their domestic projects. In the Dalmatian movement they are aided by the chronic tendency of the Slavic race to free itself from both Turkish and Austrian oppression. The countenance of Russia, indirect, if not direct, is of course largely calculated on; for anything that weakens Turkey and Austria in the Danubian region facilitates the long-cherished designs of Russia for such a dismemberment of the Turkish Empire as will enable the Czar to supplant the Sultan on the Bosphorus—thus realizing the dreams of Peter, Catharine, and their imperial successors, concerning the establishment of the Russian capital in the metropolis of Constantinople.

On the whole, these matters seem likely soon to cause some of the most exciting movements that the world has witnessed since the downfall of Napoleon the First.

JUSTICE'S JUSTICE, HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

NEWSPAPER readers cannot have forgotten that, a few weeks ago, some of our daily papers indulged in angry denunciation of an English judge who, instead of inflicting a dignified punishment on a bank clerk who was guilty of embezzlement, discharged him, on a pledge being given that he would "go abroad." It struck us at the time that such comments, being based on the supposition that "going abroad" meant going to the United States, were rather out of place, unless it could be shown, which clearly it could not be, that exile to these shores was an expressed part of the banished clerk's punishment. Perhaps it was considered certain that the rascal, having "the world before him where to choose," would naturally incline toward a community where such

dishonesties as his were only too common, where his talents might find room for their full development, and he himself aspire to become an alderman, or perhaps a sheriff.

We fully agree with our contemporaries in protesting against the landing of foreign criminals in this country, whether they come of their own volition or are sent hither, by the orders of their Governments. But in considering the case we have alluded to, we may ask whether it be not worse for an English judge to set a bad example to our judiciary, than to let loose a criminal who might or might not come here to finish his education? It did not follow that because the English Dogberry served his own country by banishing a rogue, he injured ours, but nothing could prevent the bad precedent from teaching a lesson to our native Dogberrys, and as we shall presently see, one of them has not been slow to "better the instruction."

Thus, in the history of last week's crime, we read that Mary Pearsall, a young person of high respectability, whose residence was in Brooklyn, was found guilty of stealing some articles from the counter of A. T. Stewart's store, in Broadway. If such a larceny had been proved against a poor or a friendless girl, there can be no doubt that a term in the Penitentiary would have been her fate, and the public would have been treated to a full report of the sentence, garnished with coarse remarks, which, when uttered by a Tombs magistrate, pass for wit. But Mary Pearsall had a crowd of influential friends, who interceded for her, and our New York judge, following the example of his Guildhall brother, sentenced her to banishment, not from the United States, but only from New York, which is, perhaps, as bad. No limitation of time was fixed, and therefore, for the term of her natural life, Miss Pearsall cannot cross the East River—cannot, in fact, go south or westward, except by a most circuitous route, without danger of arrest, and full infliction of a sentence suspended on the sole condition of her continued absence. We know nothing of this case beyond what is recorded in the daily papers, and would not willingly add to the distress which no doubt afflicts all the friends of this thoughtless and unfortunate young person. But the gross absurdity of the sentence must strike every one. And how is it to be reversed? The judge cannot order Miss Pearsall before him, and yet he cannot sentence, or re-sentence, in the absence of a prisoner. The Governor of the State might pardon, yet there is no legal punishment to remit. Would a perpetual "safe-conduct" in his Excellency's military capacity, solve the difficulty? Perhaps—who knows?—the zeal of the police force is directed toward the arrest of so notable an offender. Is it safe for closely-veiled ladies to cross the ferries from Brooklyn, lest they be suspected of being Mary Pearsall in disguise? It would be a curious inquiry as to what a citizen of Brooklyn loses by being banished from New York. Aside from the natural cravings of the daughters of Eve to do what is forbidden, simply because it is forbidden, is there, in fact, any loss? Is not Brooklyn the City of Churches? Shall Beecher, Greenwood Cemetery, and Ridgewood water be reckoned as naught? After all, exile from New York may not be so very dreadful, when we consider that Judge Dowling and Coroner Flynn hold offices of trust here.

It is stated, and, we presume, correctly, that the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in New York is vacant, or what is equivalent, that the present incumbent only awaits the appointment of a successor. As among those who have many thousands of dollars annually to pay into that official's hands, we hope a man of recognized responsibility and financial experience will be named for the place. General Grant cannot trifle longer with inexperience, especially in departments like that of the Treasury. Mr. J. E. Williams, President of the Metropolitan Bank, a gentleman of highest capability, experience and integrity, has been suggested for this important office. As observed by the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* (an able paper), the responsibility attached to this place exceeds that of any other officer under the Government. "The Assistant Treasurer is custodian of from \$70,000,000 to \$100,000,000 of money—a larger amount, probably, than is held by any fiscal officer in any country. He is responsible not only for the safekeeping of these funds, but also for the faithful and accurate execution of financial transactions aggregating over \$1,000,000,000 per annum. His responsibility extends not only to his own acts, but to the errors of his clerks, their defalcation, acceptance of spurious evidences of debt, their over-payments, and in short everything at variance with a correct administration of his immense trusts, whether done directly by himself or through his agents. For the performance of such duties the highest business qualifications are required. The officer must have proved himself, through a long experience, to be a man of unquestionable integrity. He ought to be familiar with the banking system of New York and with all the

details of practical finance. As the financial representative of the Government at the money centre of the country, he is naturally called upon, in monetary exigencies, to tender opinions and counsel to the Secretary of the Treasury, who, being at a distance from the centre of business, often finds it impossible to form an independent opinion of the situation of affairs. At times the Secretary of the Treasury must confide to the Assistant Treasurer an absolute discretion in matters of great magnitude and importance affecting the market for money, gold and securities. Not only does the performance of these duties call for mature experience in the highest branches of practical finance, and for excellent judgment and great prudence, but the public interest demands that whoever occupies this position should possess these qualifications in an eminent degree. Is it to be expected, however, that one thus qualified would accept the risks, the labor, the responsibility, the worrying criticisms of *ad captandum* writers, and the liability to removal upon changes of administration, for a consideration of \$6,000 per annum? A person competent for such an office can readily command, in other positions, a salary of \$15,000 to \$20,000; and what reason has the Government, or we should rather say our lawmakers, to expect that it can secure the requisite ability and character for one-third of that amount? If the officer accepts a compensation below what his abilities would command elsewhere, there is reason for expecting that his official position may be used, in outside operations, for making up the deficiency. In fact, the inadequacy of the salary acts directly as an incentive to speculation, on the part of the holder of the office, based upon the knowledge and facilities growing out of Government transactions. While, therefore, it may not be impossible to find a pure officer for the present salary, yet the lowness of the pay tends to make the incumbents impure; and before we can reasonably expect the Assistant Treasurer to maintain a spotless reputation, we should compensate him in proportion to the value of his services and the reasonable demands of his social position.

WITH the means of locomotion nowadays in use, the circuit of the earth may be made in eighty days, the time that formerly was frequently occupied in making the voyage from New York to London. The following would be the itinerary: From New York to San Francisco, by the Pacific Railroad, seven days; from San Francisco to Yokohama, by steamer, twenty-one days; from Yokohama to Hong Kong, again by steamer, six days; from Hong Kong to Calcutta, steamer, twelve days; from Calcutta to Bombay, by railroad, three days; from Bombay to Cairo, steamboat and railway, fourteen days; from Cairo to Paris, six days; from Paris to New York, eleven days; total, eighty days. Throughout the whole of this journey there are only a hundred and forty miles (the distance between Allahabad and Bombay) in which steam cannot be used in assisting the transport; but a railway is being rapidly constructed which will soon join these places, and then, truly, steam will have put a girdle round the earth.

EUROPE is much more of a sugar-growing country than would be generally believed. According to a report published in France, there were made from October 1st, 1867, to April 1st, 1868—the sugar-making season—in France, 220,000 tons of beetroot sugar; in Germany, 165,000; in Russia, 97,500; in Austria, 92,500; in Belgium, 32,500; in Poland and Sweden, 15,000; and in Holland, 7,500; the total being 630,000 tons. This is a large quantity, and there is every reason to believe that it will be increased, especially in France, where the manufacture is greatly encouraged by the Government. Many sugar refiners prefer beet-sugar to cane-sugar, because of its greater clearness; and the question of supplying ourselves with home-grown beet-sugar is at present under serious discussion. We have an element in our favor in the quality of the roots, which contain two per cent. more of sugar than the best kinds hitherto grown in France.

It is not given to all men to be great, but every man may be faithful, honest and good. Such a man was Mr. J. T. Howell, for many years the foreman of the typographical department of this paper, who died at three o'clock A. M. on the 10th of November, aged forty-five years. Employers and associates feel an unfeigned sorrow in his death.

It is said that a majority of the Spanish Cortes have agreed on the young Duke of Genoa, a younger son of the King of Italy, for King of Spain—a schoolboy, sixteen years old! Now, what root can an Italian prince have in Spanish affections, even though a vote should be secured for him by the *hocus-pocus* of a plebiscitum, like that which transferred Nice and Savoy to France? This irreverent age may

have grown to question the use of princes. Let men say what they will, throughout the bulk of Latin Christendom at least, and much of Teutonic, that feeling of loyalty which formerly clung to the person of the sovereign, then to the idea of royalty, has shifted itself to the idea of the republic. In France, Italy, Spain, as well as in Germany, that is the one object of passionate political devotion for which any considerable party is willing to provoke war, to dare death.

In the severe weather that will soon be upon us, will not our readers remember the shivering little girls in the Industrial Schools of the Children's Aid Society; also the half-clad boys that are constantly being forwarded from its lodgings to pleasant homes in the West. The society will send for any contributions, if the address of the donor be mailed to its office, at No. 19 East Fourth street.

This is the form of a manumission of two serfs by Henry the eighth, A. D. 1514: "Whereas God created all men free, but afterward the laws and customs subjected some under the yoke of servitude, we think it pious and meritorious with God to manumit Henry Knight, a tailor, and John Herle, a husbandman, our natives."

In 1868, Hamburg sent 43,628 German emigrants to the United States, and 65,533 sailed from Bremen. In fifteen years our population has been increased by 973,879 German folk who sailed from the two ports above mentioned.

WHAT IS HEART DISEASE?

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

No. 2.

THE heart is a pump with a double action. One contraction of its muscular walls—acting in the same manner as when we press firmly the rubber bulb of a syringe—ejects two streams of blood. One of these goes from the left cavity of the heart through the largest of the arteries, called the aorta, and is distributed through the arteries and their branches all over the body, and by minute vessels, called capillaries, is distributed into every part and organ of the system, however delicate. A set of similar vessels, equally minute, take up the blood again—which, having effected its nutritive purpose, is changed from a bright crimson to a dark-blue color—pour it through larger veins into the right cavity of the heart, and by the same impulse that first propelled it, it is again sent out, but this time to the lungs, where it is purified and rendered again fit to be used, by its contact with the air which we breathe, and then again thereby changed to its original crimson hue, it is returned by the pulmonary veins into the left side of the heart, from whence it started.

To prevent the blood from being forced back again whence it came, and to prevent its flowing back again into the heart after the contraction was over, and the reciprocal expansion commencing preparatory for the next beat, there are valves placed at all these orifices, in the same manner as in a pump.

In such complicated machinery it is easy to see there is great liability to disorder—which means disease. It must be recognized that when this heart-pump is out of order, it cannot be stopped for repairs. It must keep going on just the same, beating regular or irregular, sending much or little blood to nourish the system as it may. To stop is death. This is the reason why the diseases of the heart and lungs are so dangerous. Any other organ, as the bowels or the liver or the brain, may stop action, and do; and we, by medicines, arrest their action while repairs are going on; but the heart we may retard as much as we dare—we may quiet it, but not entirely stop. Sometimes it does stop itself—a sudden change of position, an excitement, a passion, which a healthy organ would not notice, overwhelms the heart, which throbbed stops for a moment, flutters a few times in a vain attempt to renew its functions, but it fails. The owner has barely time to say a hurried word ere eternity enters on his view.

And everybody says, "Didn't he know he had disease?" and "Couldn't the doctors discover it?"

Many men have some of the various diseases to which this organ is liable, and feeling oppression or annoyance, think it is some dyspepsia; or shortness of breath, and imagine it is asthma. Those of us engaged on examinations for life insurance find much of this. Our examinations are necessarily critical. We don't trust to a patient who comes in and says: "I want something for my dyspepsia." We examine every organ. We put our ear on the chest, or use an instrument called a stethoscope, which magnifies and isolates the sounds, and conveys them quickly to the ear.

You have undoubtedly heard the rushing sound of water through the Croton pipe, or through the leather hose of a fire-engine. Similar sounds are made by the blood rapidly passing through the heart's cavities. Constant practice enables the examiner to detect the delicate differences, and he knows the sounds of the healthy organ—anything other than that is evidence of disease. Does the pulse intermittent? Does the heart throb violently, or occasionally lose a beat?—We look for disease in the valves. Sometimes there is a whistling sound, sometimes a blowing, occasionally a rasping noise emitted, like the scraping of a saw. My friend, we can't insure your life. You may live for a long period, but your chances are not good. Never be in a hurry.

learn to command your temper. Be in peace with man and God. Valvular disease means that the "boxes" of your pump leak. The blood rushes back to the heart, which has to beat twice where once before did the work. Machinery won't long do double the work that it was made to perform. Drowsy is soon a symptom, and many other unpleasant symptoms.

There are enlargements of the heart, and various troubles from the intermixture of fat into the muscular walls, and the walls of the heart expand, and dilating, grow thinner, till some sudden exertion or excitement causes the heart to beat with unaccustomed power, and the thin wall gives way, and the heart is burst—and then there is literally a broken heart, and the sufferer in mind or body, or both, is soon at rest.

When there is organic disease of the heart, that is, when any portion of the heart is destroyed, medical skill cannot restore it, but when the actions of the heart are disturbed and disordered by sympathy with other disease, by smoking, drinking, or other improper living, then we can not only relieve, but cure the trouble. Many and most ladies are troubled by these functional and unimportant disturbances. Their character is easily recognized, and one need have no fear from them.

There need be no doubt whether a person has heart disease or not. I can tell, as surely as that you have or not a pimple on your nose, whether or not you have heart disease. There are thousands of persons knowingly kept in a constant state of solicitude—expecting, perhaps, to drop dead in a moment—by their medical attendants, who are anxious only to get their daily or weekly fee. There are thousands of women, at the change of life, and in consequence of various irregularities, who have such "leapings" of the heart, such bounds and palpitations, as to set them wild—they slowly walk out of church, they keep their husbands awake an hour or two after bedtime. Hysterics and heart disease have many analogies. The real heart diseases are little imagined by those who really have them, and from the ear of the medical examiner for a life insurance policy perhaps the first intimation comes to them.

Sympathetic and nervous affections of the heart are generally more troublesome than organic diseases. The dangerous diseases are most apt to exist without the possessor himself being aware of their existence, and from florid life to grim and ghastly death is but a momentary transition.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

MISS BATEMAN returns to England next summer.

The friends of Carlotta Patti propose giving her a complimentary banquet.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP will settle in New York, and lead a church choir.

A STATUE of Schiller, for Berlin, has been completed.

MISS GLYNN is to play Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra in Australia, via the United States.

At the Italian Opera-House in Paris a reduced scale of prices has been found to work well.

At New Orleans a danseuse was lately knocked down by a large bouquet thrown at her.

The wages of sin are seventy thousand dollars; that being the amount pocketed by Boucicault on "Formosa."

MR. F. W. ROBINSON's novel of "Poor Humanity" has been dramatized, and is being played at the Olympic, New York.

"LA CLEP D'OR" is the title of a new opera announced in Paris. Octave Feuillet wrote the libretto, and M. E. Gauthier, the music.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is meeting with great success at the East, and Parepa is having a complete ovation at the West.

WAGNER introduced eighteen anvils in the orchestra of the Munich theatre on the occasion of the production of his "Rheingold."

PAREPA travels with three hundred and nine pieces of baggage, exclusive of the singing members of her troupe.

A LONDON theatre has discharged its orchestra altogether, the English caring little for entr'acte music.

THEATRES that will hold \$600 worth of audience at the usual rates seem to be acknowledged as the best size in London.

In a new ballet at the Maria Theatre, in St. Petersburg, the stage is to represent a piano-forte keyboard.

THE new theatre in the Strand, London, has been let to a "manageress"—Miss Oliver—at eighteen hundred guineas per annum.

NAPLES has been listening to two new operas—"Elsa," by Stovace, and "Il Giuramento di Cavalli," by Garofalo, composers unknown outside of Italy.

CARLO BOSONI, formerly a conductor of operatic orchestras in Paris, Turin, Berlin and Venice, has joined the ranks of the resident musical profession in New York.

GOUCNOD needs to write a great opera to bring back his waning reputation, for his recent works, "Mirella" and "Romeo," were anything but successful. "Faust" still remains his real triumph.

M. THEODORE BARRIERE, the French dramatist, is engaged upon a piece to be called "Les Morts Vivants," with the object of showing the danger of premature burial.

WHILE Marie-Galli, the prima donna of a Parisian opera-house, was singing the other night, her tongue and brain were instantaneously paralysed, and the play stopped short.

EDMOND AUBREY and De Nazac have written a comedy in two acts named "Retire des Affaires," a retired merchant imagines that he is afflicted with cattle-disease.

STREET music in London is said to be improving in character, chiefly on account of the arrival of real wandering minstrels from Germany. These bands often include from ten to fifteen instruments, and sometimes they play admired overtures from Rossini, Auber and Herold.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MINNIE WARREN is hopelessly ill.

GEORGE PEABODY was always a tenant.

QUEEN VICTORIA visits Ireland next spring.

MRS. ARABELLA MANSFIELD is the grace and beauty of the Iowa bar.

SOME sharpers at Vienna have defrauded ex-King George of Hanover out of \$2,500,000.

THE only bachelor in the Cabinet is the Secretary of the Navy (Robeson).

MISS ELLA YATES took the premium for pistol-shooting at the Danville (Va.) Fair.

THE Emperor will meet the Empress at her return from Egypt.

MISS MARY HOVEY has been offered the Chair of Horticulture in the Kansas Agricultural College.

THE Crown-Prince of Prussia is accompanied on his travels by a favorite ballet-dancer disguised as his valet.

THE Queen of Prussia has all her dresses made in Paris. The Berlin dressmakers are going to remonstrate against it.

THE tutor of the Prince Imperial tells the Emperor that the Prince had better visit the theatres less frequently.

GEORGE SETON, the colored member of the Virginia House of Delegates from Alexandria, is said to be worth \$100,000.

VICTOR HUGO writes to a deputy in Paris: "On the day when I counsel insurrection I will be with you. This time I do not counsel it."

MISS JULIA C. ADDINGTON has been elected Superintendent of Common Schools in Mitchell County, Iowa.

AARON ERICSSON, of Rochester, has given two hundred and fifty barrels of flour to the poor of that city.

THE British Government allows the son of the late King of Abyssinia \$2,000 per annum for his support and education, and have sent him to Calcutta to live.

JOSE MORENA was until lately the champion old man of the world. He lived in Brazil, and had attained the comfortable old age of one hundred and thirty-five years.

GENERAL PRIM's life is threatened by fifteen ruffians, and no one of his household is allowed to know beforehand whose room the general intends sleeping in.

THE funeral of the late Rear-Admiral Charles Stewart, U.S.A., the gallant sailor of three wars, was very largely attended from Independence Hall, Philadelphia, November 10th.

COUNT WRATHSLAW, Privy Councillor and Comptroller of the Imperial Palace at Vienna, committed suicide after having assisted at the dinner given to the Prince Royal of Prussia.

AMY WILKINSON, of Benton County, Ind., believes she could not enjoy her rights on account of her sex, commenced chewing tobacco, and persevered in the practice until she was lodged in the lunatic asylum, her reason entirely wrecked.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL, U.S. A., in Troy, N. Y., November 10th, at the advanced age of eighty-six years. General Wool was one of the few remaining heroes of an old and honored generation, and as an organizer of troops and disciplinarian, he had no superior in the service.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT was born on Staten Island, in 1795. His father owned a farm on the island, and also a rude ferry-boat, on which the future commodore and railroad king plied an ear. It was during his passages to and from the island, while a boy, that the wonderful activity, the business shrewdness, and the deep knowledge of human character displayed by the man, had their birth. When eighteen years of age, young Vanderbilt was the sole proprietor of a boat, and the recipient of profits in those days considered large. In his twenty-third year he became Superintendent of Gibbons' line of steamboats, plying between New York and Philadelphia, a position well suited to his industry and disposition. He continued to act in this capacity for ten years; he then left, and established an opposition line, the Stevens', of Hoboken, having bought out Gibbons' interest. In 1849 the grant for a ship-canal company was made by Nicaragua to Commodore Vanderbilt and an associate, under the title of the American Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company. Commodore Vanderbilt was chosen President, and under his able management the company effected a reduction in the rate of transit from \$600 to \$300. In 1853 the commodore sold his vessels on both sides to the Transit Company. In May of the same year he commenced his famous yacht-trip in the North Star to Europe. His noble behavior during the rebellion requires but a passing notice, for no American can forget the generous donation of his magnificent steamer, the Vanderbilt, to the Government, at a time when it greatly needed powerful ships of war.

While Commodore Vanderbilt has been singularly successful in steamboat affairs, his active mind has not been entirely devoted thereto, for he now controls more miles of valuable railroads than any other man in the country. The Hudson River, the Harlem, and the Central Railroads, which are acknowledged to be the best conducted lines, owe almost their entire present prosperity to his foresight and extensive experience.

In person the Commodore is tall, and of a commanding figure. Although in his seventieth year, he still possesses great mental and physical vigor. His manners are extremely courteous.

The secret of his wonderful success is found in his own natural energy, and his determination to have every work associated with his name thoroughly executed. In all his enterprises he has surveyed his ground most carefully before taking any definite step; and when he has formed his plans, they are invariably executed without any change.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

THE Chinese generally have no rational idea of the cause of eclipses. The common explanation is that the sun or the moon has experienced some disaster. Some even affirm that the object eclipsed is being devoured by an immense ravenous monster.

A very curious result may be produced in stereoscopic slides, by coloring an object that it is desired to have white, say that of a poodle-dog, on the right side, red, on the left, green. The result will be white. So says a correspondent of the London *Advertiser*.

THE spectroscope has settled that the Aurora and the Zodiacal Light are identical in character—in other words, that the light of the Zodiacal gleam and of the Aurora streamers are due to the same sort of electrical discharge, taking place in the same medium. Have not the tails of comets something in common with the Aurora and Zodiacal Light? *Quien sabe?*

THE amount of gold produced in Nova Scotia from the date of the first discovery of the precious metal to the end of 1868, a period of eight years, was 160,000 ounces. The best year was 1867, when the yield amounted to nearly 30,000 ounces. Such a return as this is worth consideration, as showing that gold may be an important article of trade in that semi-Yankee province.

THE quantity of copper raised on the entire globe in the year 1866—the latest period that statistical records of this kind have been reliably brought together—amounts to 95,415 tons, which is nearly double the quantity raised in 1846. There appears to be an increasing tendency to a lower cost price of this metal. Large and valuable deposits of excellent copper ore are known to exist, especially in Central America, are yet untouched.

AT the last sitting of the biology section in connection with the British Association meeting, two curious papers were read by Sir Duncan Gibbs. The first was to show that a pendent condition of the leaf-shaped cartilage at the back of the throat, called the epiglottis, was fatal to longevity, because it interfered with breathing. Of some thousands of persons who were examined, the epiglottis was found vertical in more than seventy instances. This was the case with Lord Palmerston, Campbell, Brougham, Lyndhurst, and others who had lived long.

BRISTOL, England, has reduced its death-rate from twenty-eight per thousand to twenty-one and a half, saving about one thousand lives a year. This is due mainly to a system established and maintained by Mr. Davies, an energetic officer of health. Under him are four inspectors, and their mode of warfare with disease is to visit every court thrice a week, examine every house, disinfect every closet, see that all drains are clear, and once a year whitewash every court.

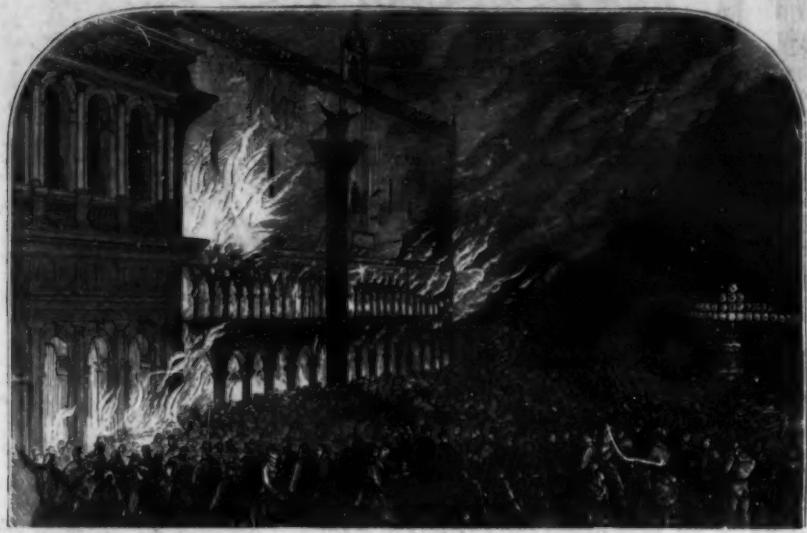
A PHOTOGRAPHER in Friburg has made seals and stamps with the portraits of his customers. A thin layer of gelatine, sensitized with bichromate of potash, is exposed to the action of light under a photographic positive, by which the parts acted upon are rendered insoluble in water. The gelatine film is immersed in water, and the parts not acted upon by light swell up, and we obtain a picture in relief, of which a plaster cast can be taken. A galvanoplastic copy being taken of the cast, we have a metallic fac-simile of the photograph, which can be employed as a seal.

PANU has been disturbed by a prediction that the conjunction of sun and moon at a given date last month would occasion awful destruction by tidal waves and earthquakes. But the shocks came before their time, and Arica and Iquique, not yet recovered from the disasters of last year, again suffered severely. The inhabitants fled to the hills. Where the shore was precipitous, huge masses toppled over into the sea, which was agitated in a way which betokened an outburst from a submarine volcano a few miles from shore. The island of St. Thomas and places on the eastern coast have also been shaken, all of which confirms the hypothesis that the earth is now passing through one of its periods of greatest volcanic activity.

THE magnetic compass, on the north shore of Lake Superior, and particularly in surveying around Duluth, is a very zigzag kind of guide. The assistant surveyor in charge of the transit on the Town Site Survey recently experienced some of its wildest eccentricities of variation. In running and cutting out a transit-line between sections on the mountain-side, at a certain spot he noticed, in a distance of fifty feet, a change from 11 degrees east to 17 degrees east; then, in a hundred feet further back, to 12 degrees east; while, five hundred feet further on, from 12 degrees 30 minutes east it whirled around to 30 degrees west, and kept at that for three hundred feet, and then got back again to 11 degrees east. The surveyor picked up a piece of rock of the granitic species, which seemed to prevail in the locality, and applied it near his compass, when the needle followed it around the same as if it were a true loadstone.

THE cry against scarlet hose and mauve shirts is not a false alarm; and it is to be presumed that the gentlemen who have been advertising for information from "all persons who have suffered from wearing colored socks, or other colored surface clothing," have good reasons for prosecuting their inquiries. Of the poisonous character of some of the dyes used for these articles, there can be no doubt. A French chemist has been investigating the point, and has brought the subject before the Paris Academy of Sciences. Picture to yourself a grave assembly engrossed with a discussion upon *les bas de soie rouge et bleu*—blue-stockings in solemn session upon red stockings! The doctor, Professor Tardieu, had been consulted by a young man whose feet were inflamed and ulcerated from the wearing of red socks; and, at about the same time, some other cases came before him of like evil, evidently traceable to a like cause. So he took his patients' *chaussettes*, and extracted the coloring matter from them by chemical treatment. Then he injected small quantities of

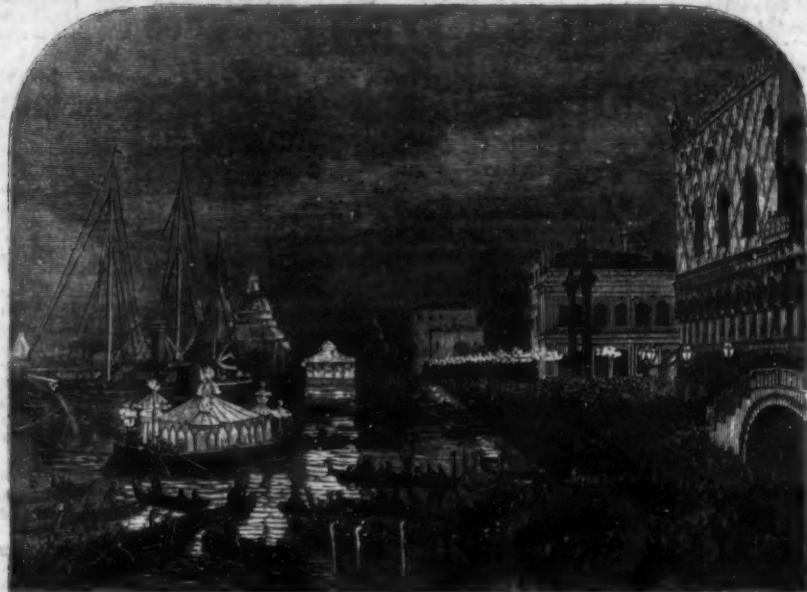
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 175.



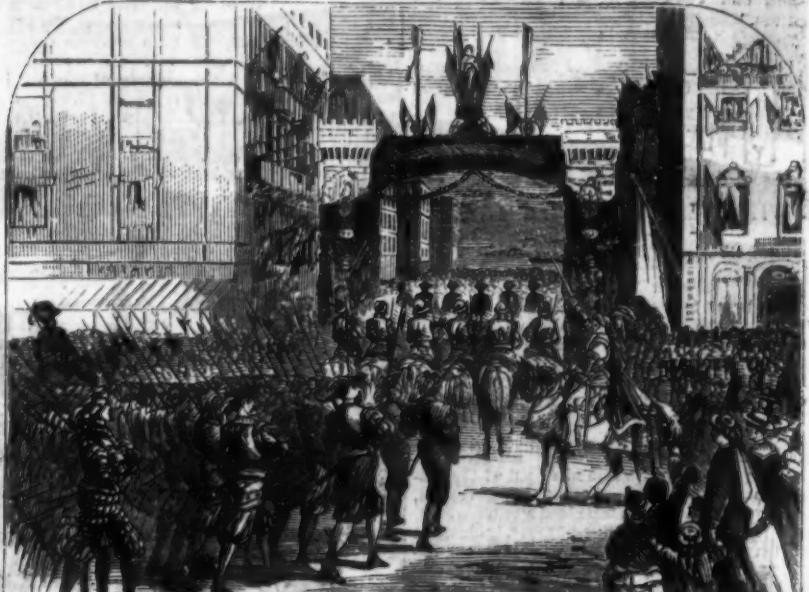
ITALY.—ILLUMINATION OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE—SIMULATED FIRE.



RUSSIA.—PRINCE FREDERICK OF THE NETHERLANDS DRIVING THROUGH THE PUBLIC GROUNDS, DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO MOSCOW.



ITALY.—SERENADE AND ILLUMINATION ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE, IN HONOR OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.



SWITZERLAND.—NATIONAL ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE UNION AND INDEPENDENCE OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC.



EGYPT.—ARRIVAL AT ALEXANDRIA OF GUESTS INVITED BY THE KHEDIVE TO BE PRESENT AT THE OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.



ENGLAND.—RESIDENCE OF THE LATE EARL OF DERBY, AT KNOWLEIGH—THE LODGE GATE.



TURKEY.—VOYAGE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE—BEYLERBET PALACE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE KHEDIVE DURING HER VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE.



ENGLAND.—RESIDENCE OF THE LATE EARL OF DERBY, AT KNOWLEIGH—VIEW OF KNOWLEIGH HOUSE.



ELEVENTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS HOURSORTH & CO.—SEE PAGE 175.

ARABELLA'S TROUSSEAU.

BY MRS. H. P. SPOFFORD.

SAID Arabella to her Conscience, as many a time and oft she had said before: "Do go along, you disagreeable thing; you are always showing your face when you're not wanted!"

Said Conscience, meekly: "I'm sure I haven't dropped in lately half so often as I used to do."

"Well," answered Arabella, "you used to have a better temper. We were good friends for a little while after I bought that lavender bonnet. You weren't all the time opposing everything I did."

"Perhaps that was because you sometimes took my advice then, and listened to me the least atom in the world," said Conscience, taking breath.

"Who could listen to anybody with such a wheezing, phthisicky voice, I should like to know?"

"Anybody would have a wheezing voice that had to keep silent and speak as little as I do," said Conscience, warming a little.

"Little as you do! What are you doing now, please tell me? Muttering so much that I can't even think of the color of my wedding-dress. Come, do be reasonable, and help me determine about it. Just as soon as I say one thing, mamma says another, and papa says another, and Tom, another, and Margaret has seen another; and if I wore what they all want me to, I should look exactly like a rainbow!"

"I came to help you," said Conscience.

"I want to please Tom, of course," said Arabella, standing before the glass, and holding up a web of some bright color against her peachy cheeks. "There'd be no pleasure in being married if he didn't think his wife looked that day just as lovely as the angel of the morning-star. But then I don't want to slight mamma's taste."

"And you can't combine them?"

"Oh, dear, no. Papa's for the economical, mamma's for the magnificent, Tom's for the picturesque—"

"And you?"



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.—SEE PAGE 175.



THE LATE REAR-ADmiral CHARLES STEWART, U. S. N.—SEE PAGE 175.

"Well—I don't want Julia Ticonderoga to be able by-and-by to say her wedding-dress was so much more—"

"Of what earthly consequence is that to you? Is it going to affect your happiness, your health, your friendships, or even your appearance? Do keep to the point. What does your father say about it?"

"He says—the dear old generous soul—that he'll allow me just as much as I ask, everything as it ought to be for our position in society and the brown-stone front; but that if he were I, he'd be dressed in white muslin with vall and flowers—just fancy papa in white muslin with vall and flowers, and crimpes, too, I suppose—and give the balance to making people remember the day, by means of their happiness upon it; and so he'd give a banquet and a ride into the country to the miserable little orphans down in Blue Lane, where the Foundation allows them meat once a week, and makes them go to meeting three times a day on Sundays."

"Well, why not?"

"That's just where it is. Mamma says: 'Arabella is our daughter, and should be married in a manner becoming our station. If you want the orphans to have a picnic, why, throw that in. But as for white muslin and flowers, any nursery-maid can have white muslin and flowers; and as for me, I am determined on velvet, and point-lace vall that can be used afterward for a shawl, and orange-flowers of pearls and diamonds.' Oh, wouldn't it be divine!"

"That's what you want, then."

"And mamma says it's a good plan to make the wedding as ceremonious as possible, and the bride as splendid, so that the husband shall realize the preciousness of the charge confided to him, and remember the occasion; and papa grins, and says he doesn't believe he'll be likely to forget it."

"But Tom—what did you say he would like? Of course, though, his wish is of no consequence in such a matter—"

"Now, how unkind of you, when I just said I would rather please him than anybody. After such a slur as that, you can't wonder if I declare that I shan't pay the least attention to a word you say," said Arabella, loftily, trying, meanwhile, the charm of another color in the glass.

"I hardly expected you would, anyway, Arabella," answered Conscience.

"How can you talk so? Aren't you ashamed to, when I opened the door to you myself? It's precisely like you, though, and nothing but sheer envy, I do believe, because you can't have any such gay dresses yourself!"

"It is true, Arabella," said Conscience, "that my dress is shabby; but if it is only without spots, I do not care. You threw a great deal of mud on me yesterday, if you remember, when your carriage rolled by, and you bowed and smiled to Emily Van Moll."

"Did I? I didn't mean to splash you. But I meant to call to her mind the remembrance that on next month comes my wedding-day, and to make her see how happy I am. I guess you'd like to triumph over the thing a little bit yourself, if she tried to steal your Tom away as she did mine!"

"I should feel that I had my triumph in having Tom. I hope I should pity the poor lonely girl, and pity her all the more for her having done what she ought not to do."

"Oh! well, you're an angel, of course—a white hen's chicken that never does any wrong. I'm not. Everybody can't be so immaculate!"

"There, we won't quarrel. You're sorry for poor Emily—"

"Sorry? What? Because she hasn't succeeded in taking Tom away from me? Indeed I'm not! I'm glad. I shall send her cards to the wedding on purpose. I hope she'll come. I want it to hurt her and humiliate her—"

"If I believed you meant what you say, Arabella—"

"I do mean it, and more, too. I hope she'll have a lover some day, and worship him, and another girl will serve her just as she tried to serve me. And I don't care if her husband pinches her—"

"Well, I must go," said Conscience, in quite an excited flutter. "I really—"

"Oh, I suppose now I've hurt your feelings. I didn't know she was such a pet of yours. There, do sit down. He needn't pinch her black and blue—"

"The air is so—"

"Jane shall let down a window. Please sit down again. I'll take back all I've said about the girl, if you want me to. I'm sure I don't wish so much ill to any man alive as to wish him Emily Van Moll's husband—"

"I really must go—"

"No, you mustn't," exclaimed Arabella, pushing her visitor back into the chair. "How literal you are! I should think you'd know me well enough by this time to know I don't mean half I say. There! I'll forgive the girl, if that will quiet you. Poor thing—she fell in love with Tom; but then I don't know as I can blame her; I fell in love with him, too."

"Now that you've dismissed her, and remembered what I came here to consult about—you haven't told me what is it that Tom wants you to wear at your bridal."

"Why, to tell you the real truth, I don't believe Tom cares fourpenny-bit what I wear. It seems very unnatural—but he doesn't. He said the other day that he dreaded and hated it all—only think! I knew what he meant, but I pretended I was fearfully angry—oh, you needn't look; I dare say you did just the same things when you were young! He said he was to be nothing but a sort of mandarin at the door of a tea-store, or a wooden Indian at the tobacconist's, a lay-figure to show the bride's clothes by, a dot, a line, a mere shadow at the hour of noon, a nonentity at the moment when he was performing the most solemn act of his life, when all mankind stood up in his person pledging troth to all womankind in mine, and repeating the great pastoral of the first man and

woman walking with God in the garden! Tom talks like a book sometimes."

"I don't blame him."

"No, I suppose not. It just suits your Puritanical prudery. You'd be delighted with the little drama he proposes—he says he would like it best off-hand and unexpected; when we drive down from the Park some day, we just stop at the church-door and go in, and come out again in five minutes, and instead of going home to this house, drive round to Tom's, and papa and mamma stay to dine with Tom and me—and that's to be the whole it!"

"Too sensible for you to dream of doing it!"

"I was prepared to hear you say that. It's fortunate I don't much mind you, though, you dear, cross old thing, or we should have a downright quarrel. But Tom doesn't insist on anything of the sort, thank goodness! What he would like second best, if it had to be public and fine, is for me to wear a silk, just the least shade of a saffron or rose, just the bloom of a blush on it, like white silk seen by a sunrise flush; and then a vall, illusion, falling all round me till I looked like a rose blooming under a hoar frost. But I tell him it would be ridiculous, and I couldn't think of masquerading on my wedding-day, though I'd like to please him—"

"Yes, you'd like to please him," said Conscience, mimicking the tone.

"I don't know what kind of bringing-up you ever had, if you don't know that it's wrong to mock. It's what the bears ate the forty little boys for," said Arabella, trying the captivation of a heavenly shade of blue, "mocking Elisha."

"Well, dear, you're not Elisha. If you want to please Tom, why don't you, by wearing what he desires?"

"He doesn't really desire anything; he says so; he throws out suggestions. He says so long as I wear a wedding-ring he doesn't care for anything else at all; and that would be absurd, you know."

"If you saw your father and mother struck by lightning, Arabella, you would say it was absurd."

"Oh, dear me, I can't stop to measure words with you when here are all these things mamma has had sent up here from Stewart's for me to try their effect as I please, by daylight and all, and be tempted into ordering one. And it will be dark before I know where I am if I wait to discuss such problems in natural philosophy as to whether it's absurd for papa and mamma to be struck by lightning. Of course it is, if they have a lightning-rod on the house. Now, tell me, please, what you think of this white velvet? just see the lustre, and such a heavy fall of the folds."

"It looks like a beatified pall. It would do very well for such a bride as Inez de Castro, a corpse—"

"Ah, how can you say such things—such horrid omens! Look at this—quick—to take the taste out of your mouth! There, gather the folds in your hand; isn't that richness? And you can't say it's not becoming—and white satin was made for brides. Just see how it casts off the light! a real cascade of splendor! Wouldn't you have that? Just say you would, and a Brussels lace vall, and pearls—pure and perfect elegance! I really think papa doesn't know what he wants; when he sees me in this he can't help being pleased. Do you think it's vanity in me to say—it will be such a lovely picture? Because it will. And it's altogether the most suitable for his only child, and he'll be so sorry when it's too late—I ought to save him the vexation, I know I ought—and in white muslin I should be nothing but a dowd. Now just imagine to yourself a bride who looks like me, in this satin—the long, shining sweep of it, the falling lace, the blushes underneath, the smile, the dimple—oh, I must have it!"

"At what price?" said Conscience, running her fingers through the soft, superb fabric.

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose it is fifteen or twenty dollars a yard, and I should want twenty yards for train and all."

"Four hundred dollars. And what is the price of white organdie?"

"Two dollars a yard, I suppose," said Arabella, reluctantly.

"And so wide that you would hardly want more than half as much, and twenty-five dollars would purchase the whole!"

"Ye—s."

"Four hundred dollars is a wicked price for a dress anywhere, but especially in a republican country. Four hundred dollars for a dress for you means, perhaps, that four hundred other girls must go without a dress at all."

"Oh, what nonsense!" said Arabella, tossing her head.

"Well I don't know how that is, certainly, and so we could let it pass, if four hundred dollars for the satin didn't mean—how much does a Brussels lace vall cost?"

"I don't know; it depends; from one to five thousand dollars."

"I thought so. And with that there must, at the very least, be pearls. And if one has such bridal array it would be a great absurdity if the whole trousseau didn't correspond; one would be a laughing-stock if everything had been expended on that single day's display. There must be a cashmere shawl, costing some thousands; there must be other silks and velvets and embroideries, amounting to as much more; the linen must be imported from Paris, so puffed and trimmed that no laundress in this country can do anything with it; there must be a set of jewelry for every costume; in short, the income of what will be laid out on things easy to be dispensed with would be sufficient to support a large family as long as they lived. Arabella, think of that."

"Think of what?" said Arabella, throwing down the beautiful satin in a pet.

"Of the family suffering to-day from debts

and want and trouble and sickness, that the money which you are half-inclined to spend on these folderol would lift into ease and health and peace of mind and happiness."

"Oh, dear me," said Arabella, stooping to

pick up the satin again, which, perhaps, was what brought the blood to her brow. "According to your doctrine I have no right to buy myself a piano-forte because somebody else wants a sewing-machine!"

"Not at all. Your piano-forte may do as much good to one person as your material aims of food and money would do to another. And it is right for those who are able to keep their homes open to such civilians as the arts and sciences are, to extend their area by having music and painting and sculpture there. For indeed it is one of the duties of those who have more wealth than the rest, to make their homes types of such perfection in homes as the world's progress has reached. But music and the arts that arouse the sensibilities are the levers with which the world is moved; while your silks and velvets and laces are mere superficialities, lovely things, but easily to be spared; they feed neither body nor soul."

"I suppose," said Arabella, hesitatingly, "that Tom would love me just as well, and our home would be just as happy, if I didn't come into it in satin and Brussels lace."

"Exactly as well."

"But then—I shall hate to remember—"

"Hate to remember what? That instead of tralling into church, like a lady of fashion, in satin, as Julia Ticonderoga did, you floated up the aisle in gauze and illusion, like nothing but a cloud—a cloud of purity itself; and though your gown and vall and gloves cost you only thirty dollars, they were rich with the grateful prayers of those on whom you spent the difference?"

"I don't know that papa'd allow me the difference to use as I chose."

"I'll answer for that."

"And then I should be as red as a rose, going into church with nothing but white muslin—"

"Why go into a church at all? In the midst of a gaping mob, with the altars all ablaze—it seems to me that is a dreadfully vulgar custom, performing the most sacred act of your lives in the presence of an indifferent public—"

"Why, where would you have me be married?"

"If the ceremony cannot be entirely private in the church, at home."

"Now, you needn't say another word!" exclaimed Arabella. "I wondered where you'd stop, when you begin; and the next thing, you'll be for having me just drop in at the minister's in a ninepenny print, and give all I have to the poor! Sometimes charity begins at home—"

"And stays there."

"And now I'll have the white satin and the pearls and the lace, and you may help it if you can!"

"Very well," said Conscience, rising; "then I'll go. Good-morning."

"Good-by," said Arabella. "And good riddance," she added, softly, and staid looking at the effect of two lace handkerchiefs pinned on her hair, and the web of satin round her bare shoulders, till the dinner-bell put the lovely little picture in the glass to flight.

"Arabella," said her father, when he came into the drawing-room after dinner, "here is a check for the amount I shall allow you toward your marriage. Your mother thinks it is more than enough for your trousseau, if you get as good a one as Julia Ticonderoga, and hers nearly freighted a ship. It is the idlest folly, I think, and your wardrobe, at any rate, ought to be sufficient for anything, as it is. I don't know why Tom's wife needs any more than my daughter. But, however, Tom is rich, and makes you a settlement, and his house is furnished, so that it would be folly in me to give you anything of that sort; and this is all you will have from me except in the way of Christmas-boxes, until you inherit everything. This you can spend as you please, on mantua-makers or missionaries, only remembering that it is not a mere penny-piece, but a great deal of money, a small fortune, which you indeed may spend in a day, but which it took some of my best years to accumulate for a beginning."

Arabella looked at it, and it was such a minuscence, that she had not the heart to tell him she had resolved to spend such earnings in satins and pearls, and Brussels lace and cashmeres. She put her arms round his neck, and kissed him, and ran out of the room, and left it for her mother to say, cried a little up-stairs to think her lot was so hard that she must decide such a matter for herself—and went out the next day to spend it.

(Concluded in No. 740.)

FLORENCE HARGROVE'S PRIDE.

"Your letter does not please you, I perceive," said Mrs. Ashbury, in a half-inquiring voice, to her niece, as she watched the darkening frown overspread the usually animated face of Florence Hargrove, who was glancing over the contents of a note she held in her hand.

"You have guessed rightly, aunt," she replied, in a haughty voice; "did you ever know such assurance? The Bartons actually to send me an invitation for an evening party they are going to give in celebration of their son's return. Did they ever expect me to accept it, I wonder?"

"Most assuredly they did; it is very thoughtful of Mrs. Barton to invite you," said Mrs. Ashbury, in a pleasant voice; "and I hope you will go."

"Indeed I shall not, aunt!" exclaimed Florence, indignantly; "they are a poor, paltry set of people, as you know, and you cannot think of my accepting this invitation."

"But I do think of it, and wish you to do so. If Mrs. Barton is not wealthy, she is not poor; nor is she an undutiful person. In my estimation, they are a very agreeable and intelligent family, and in their society you will find much to enlighten and amuse you."

"I don't want to be amused," replied Florence; "I wish to associate with my equals,

and no one else. What would Mr. Langton think of me, if he heard of my being at such a place, and in such company?"

"Florence, you are mistaken in Mr. Langton; I can assure you he is a gentleman of the highest respectability, and entertains quite a different opinion of the Bartons to what you do."

"But, aunt, he would not wish me to go there, I am sure," said Florence.

"I cannot say anything on that point," replied Mrs. Ashbury. "You are under my protection while you are here; and, being an orphan, it is my duty to inculcate in your mind a feeling of kindness and simplicity; but if your pride will not admit of your going to an evening party like this, all I can say is, that it is a very sinful and improper characteristic to cultivate."

"I cannot see what pleasure I can derive from going, since, I am sure, I shall not enjoy myself—I have such a great dislike to Mrs. Barton and her daughters."

"Well, Florence, I will argue no longer about it," replied Mrs. Ashbury; "do as you please, but do not mention it to me again, or I shall be very angry."

Florence left the room hurriedly, as her aunt finished speaking, and, in her own room, she wrote a note to Mrs. Barton, declining her invitation, without assigning any reason for so doing. She was a proud, worldly girl. Though possessing little to boast of herself, she always spoke and acted as if she was the daughter of a millionaire, instead of a poor orphan, which, in reality, she was. If it is true that every person has his or her besetting sin, it may safely be said that pride was Florence's; for she had many good qualities, although they were, unfortunately, hidden beneath the mask of angry pride. True, she inherited it from her mother, who was a vain, haughty woman; but then she had been shown the many faults it led her to commit; she had been told how it exposed her to ridicule, and made many who would, had it not been for this bad trait in her character, have loved and esteemed her, turn from her in contempt and hatred. Still she went on, despising the unfavored worshippers of the goddess Fortune, mocking at the poor, though honest people that were placed round her, and deigning to converse or associate with those alone who were infinitely her betters. This her aunt had frequently pointed out to her, but it was of little avail; and Florence Hargrove went on the journey of life, loved, perhaps, by a few, who, by patience and assiduity, brought to light her better qualities, but hated, alas! my many.

The day previous to that on which the party was to be given, Mr. Langton, an admirer of Florence, called on a visit to Mrs. Ashbury. To a commonplace observer, it doubtless appeared strange that one so different in every way to Florence should have ventured to pay his addresses to her. He was, any one might see, a benign, kind-hearted young man, not morose or sullen, but cheerful and vivacious. His laugh had the power to dispel the frown that lurked on Florence's brow; and when an angry or proud word came to her lips, one look from his bright eyes would drive it back.

some mistake. You are joking, Florry," said her aunt.

"I am not, aunt—he has left here for—She could not say "for ever," and she rushed from the room, leaving her aunt more surprised than ever.

"How very strange!" she said to herself, as she rang the bell violently.

In answer to her questions, the servant said that Mr. Langton had been gone ten minutes; and, as he went out, he said "he would explain everything to Mrs. Ashbury, if she wished it."

"Of course I wish it!" she exclaimed, rather angrily. "Order the carriage, Annette; I will go to his house immediately—Florence must not be trifled with in this manner."

To Mr. Langton's rooms she went, and much to her sorrow, heard the whole of the case. She could not blame Mr. Langton, and she could not thank him for the advice he had given Florence; so she returned home to vent her anger on her offending niece. On her arrival, she summoned Florence to her room, and began by urging her to recall Mr. Langton to her side; but the girl's pride had not fallen yet, and she remained inflexible. Then Mrs. Ashbury spoke of her pride—how it was raining her in every way; but this had no effect, and she dismissed her.

At first Florence bore her separation from Hubert with surprising calmness; but in time it began to work change in her—she grew thinner; her step was not so light; and her smile was gone. Mrs. Ashbury did not notice this as soon as others, for she loved her niece less now than formerly; but Mr. Langton did notice it, and pitied her, for he loved her still the same as in their happier days. They often met, but, if possible, they always avoided each other; for Florence could not for worlds have exchanged a look with the only man she had ever loved. Report, ever on the watch, be it good or bad, will meet every day some ear that would fain have avoided its whisperings. It soon told Florence that Hubert Langton was engaged to Carrie Barton. Of all that she had ever heard, this pained her the most. She longed for a confirmation of the story, and she soon had one—she herself saw him walking with her; she needed no further proof.

A month passed by, and every one noticed the sad change in Florence. Those who were intimately connected with her pitied her, for they saw how deeply pride had corroded her heart, leaving her form but a heap of ruins compared with what it once was; but none could save her—she was too near the grave. Joyfully be it told, however, her pride had fallen. This soon came to the ears of Hubert Langton, and he presented himself before Mrs. Ashbury, requesting to see Florence. She was consulted, and desired to see him at once. The meeting was a very affecting one. Not a word was spoken, but their looks spoke in language clearly understood. When they were alone in the quietude of the sick chamber, he ventured to address her.

"Florence, dear, it is, I fear, too late for us to enjoy each other's society here, but my love for you is still as ardent as ever. I have only loved you; I will never love another."

"Hubert, your words were too true," replied the dying girl. "My pride has been my ruin. It has fallen now—alas, it is too late! They told me you loved Carrie Barton; that did it—I was humbled then."

"Oh, Florence! how cruel to say so! She is engaged to another. You do not doubt my word?"

"No, Hubert, I believe you; but I thought so," she said, bursting into tears. "Would we had never met, then Carrie would have been your wife; now you will be miserable."

"I shall not, Florence," he replied, tenderly embracing her; "we shall meet again some day, I trust, never more to part, where there will be no grief."

"Hubert, you are too kind. How much I love you, you can never know. Farewell—I am dying!" she feebly gasped.

Her head fell back on the pillow, and she was dead.

As Hubert Langton stood by the side of the dead, he thought of the wreck pride had left behind, and prayed for those who were then toiling beneath its load; and, with bowed head and saddened heart, he went his way hence.

was fought the battle of Buena Vista (February 23, 1847), made the preliminary dispositions, and commanded in the earlier part of the action, until the arrival of General Taylor. For his conduct on this occasion, General Wool was breveted a Major-General in 1848. He remained in command at Saltillo until November 25, 1847, when, on the return of General Taylor to the United States, he succeeded to the command of the army of occupation, and retained it until the conclusion of the war. In 1854, he received the thanks of Congress and the presentation of a sword for his services in Mexico.

When the civil war broke out in 1861, he promptly offered his services to the Government. He took the responsibility of reinforcing Colonel Dimick at Fortress Monroe, thus saving that port from seizure by the Confederates. In August he was sent to Fortress Monroe, as Commander of the Department of Virginia, and from that port led an expedition which occupied Norfolk, May 10, 1862. At the close of the rebellion he was retired from active service, and has since resided in Troy.

THE LATE REAR-ADmiral STEWART.

REAR-ADmiral CHARLES STEWART, the senior officer of the United States Navy, died on Sunday, November 7th, at Bordentown, N. J., in the ninety-second year of his age. He was born in Philadelphia, and entered the merchant service when only thirteen years of age, and steadily rose from cabin-boy to the command of an East Indianaman. In 1798 he abandoned the merchant service, and was commissioned a Lieutenant in the navy. In 1800 he commanded the schooner Experiment, and in 1802 joined the frigate Constellation as first officer. He was appointed to the command of the brig Siren in 1803, and took part in the expedition to destroy the frigate Philadelphia, and afterward in the siege and blockade of Tripoli. At the commencement of the War of 1812 he was placed in command of the Constellation, and assisted in defending Norfolk and Craney Island. In 1813 he assumed command of the Constitution, and during a year's cruise succeeded in capturing several British vessels. In February, 1815, he fell in with the British ships-of-war Cyane, of 34 guns, and the Levant, of 21 guns, and captured them after a sharp combat of 40 minutes, having 3 men killed and 13 wounded, while the British vessels lost 35 killed and 42 wounded. The Levant was subsequently recaptured by the British squadron, but the Constitution escaped with her other prize. On his return he was received with the highest honors. The legislature of Pennsylvania presented him with a sword, and a gold medal commemo- rative of the capture of the Levant and Cyane was ordered to be struck by Congress. He commanded the Mediterranean squadron from 1817 to 1820, and was afterward transferred to the command of the Pacific squadron. From 1820 to 1833 he served as a member of the Board of Navy Commissioners at Washington, and in 1837 he succeeded Commodore Barron in command of the Navy-Yard at Philadelphia. Upon the death of Commodore Barron he became the senior officer of the naval service. He was placed on the retired list in 1861, after an eventful career of sixty-three years' service.

THE INDUSTRIAL FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE Eleventh Industrial Fair of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco, Cal., was this year an unusually attractive event. The list of contributions was large, and embraced a goodly variety of articles. The native wines made a fine display. Flags, banners and transparencies were suspended on the walls, while a fountain in the centre of the room threw a spray of water during the hours of exhibition. The attendance was encouraging, and the members of the Institute deserve great credit for the pleasant and instructive Fair they this year offered to an appreciative public.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Voyage of the Empress Eugenie.

As will be seen by our previous illustrations of the Empress of the French, her Majesty has been the recipient of honors befitting her station and her own noble character wherever she has paused. In Italy's fairest city, romantic old Venice, she was treated to a serenade on the Grand Canal, when the piers and shipping and neighboring buildings were brilliantly illuminated, and the air resounded with cheers for the Imperial family. Then the Ducal Palace was made the scene of a singular display in honor of her presence. In the evening, a simulated fire, produced by chemicals distributed through the front apartments, broke out suddenly, while the streets were crowded with spectators, and in a few moments the building bore the appearance of being in the midst of a disastrous conflagration. The fiery tongues rolled out the open windows, and licked the casings and marble; the interior of the rooms was light as day, yet not a scorch nor blister nor smell of fire remained after the flames were exhausted. Traveling onward, she next received the attentions of the Turkish nobility, making the Palace du Beylerbey, at Constantinople, her residence during her visit to the city. The Palace fronts the river, and a royal barge was anchored off the pier, for the exclusive use of herself and suite. Still greater attentions are being prepared for her by the Viceroy of Egypt, and her presence at the opening of the Suez Canal will be one of the leading features of the occasion.

Arrival at Alexandria of the Khedive's Guests.

Some months ago the Khedive of Egypt addressed letters to many distinguished personages, inviting them, in cordial language, to be present at the inauguration of the Suez Canal. Quite a goodly company of those who accepted the invitation determined to hasten to Alexandria, so that they might be witnesses of every feature of the demonstration. On their arrival

at the city, they were provided with vehicles for transportation to their stopping-places, and the whirling of these through the narrow, crooked streets forms the subject of our engraving. The drivers are a reckless, boisterous set of fellows, who care more for the money they derive from their work than the ease or safety with which it is accomplished. As will be inferred from the picture, pedestrians have a rather difficult road to travel in that city.

Prince Frederick of the Netherlands at Moscow, Russia.

Prince Frederick of the Netherlands has been spending a brief season at the capital of Moscow, and enjoying the hospitality of the Russian nobility. The prince, being fond of outdoor sports, derived much pleasure in driving through the public grounds, where he could allow his eight high-bloated horses all the freedom they desired. His carriage was small and light, and although he drove very fast, his lady companion fearlessly accompanied him, and appeared equally well pleased with the exercise.

National Festival of the Union of the Swiss Republic.

The annual festival of the Union and Independence of the Swiss Republic closely resembles our Fourth of July celebrations. Our illustration represents the procession passing under the triumphal arch erected in the principal street of Geneva. These processions are to strangers extremely interesting, and though they are repeated each year with but little variation, the patriotic Swiss give themselves fully to the celebration of their liberty. The soldiery, which on these occasions is very large, represents the warriors of a former generation, attired as they are in antique costumes and bearing the ancient yager, the pike, and other weapons of war. There are few people on the globe who enjoy their liberty more than the hardy Swiss.

The Home of the Late Earl of Derby.

The recent demise of the Earl of Derby created feelings of profound regret in England, as well as in other countries where brilliant intellectual faculties and firmness of purpose receive due recognition. While the thoughts of the public naturally tend toward his political career, a review of his domestic life will reveal the highest social graces and mental accomplishments. His handsome residence and grounds at Knowsley were always open to his friends, and not unfrequently did a coterie of literary celebrities assemble beneath his hospitable roof, and in the quiet of the place enjoy a respite from the cares of the world, in which none entered more heartily than the deceased Lord. It was there that his translation of Homer's "Iliad" into English blank verse, and his charming treatise on Christ's parables, for young children, were written.

THE PRISONER OF SAINT LAZARE.

The following interesting narrative, possessing a psychological interest, is connected with the Penitentiary of St. Lazare, Paris:

In the early years of the Restoration, some peasants living in the neighborhood of Mount Valerian, going to their labor the day following holiday, at an early hour of the morning, found in one of the rose-fields common in the neighborhood the dead body of a soldier, a knife fixed in his breast, and a young girl standing near. On the coming up of the people she began to walk in the direction of the village, but not being able to explain her presence near the dead man at that early hour, she was taken into custody, and given up to the authorities. On being questioned, she gave the following account:

"I was present at the festival the evening before. I returned home in company with other girls. I sat down on the bench outside our house, breathing the evening air, which brought the scent of roses from the neighboring fields. I arose and entered the house. I can recollect nothing more, and I cannot account for my being found near the body of the murdered man."

Luckily for the poor girl, it was discovered that the soldier had been murdered by a comrade on going home from the festival. She was liberated; but a twelvemonth later and she re-entered Saint Lazare, this time for scaling walls and robbery. She had stolen some roses.

Born in the neighborhood of the rose-gardens, the odor and sight of these flowers had become, as it were, a necessary of life with her. In respect to this flower her mind had completely lost its balance. She could not exist without the possession of it, and was subject to hallucinations in consequence of this rose-madness.

She freely related to her fellow-prisoners her impressions of how the theft was committed. The rose-trees in that particular garden had loosened their roots from the soil, and appeared at her door to invite her to come and take them. The largest of them showed her how to scale the wall, and she was in paradise within when she was seized.

The innocent and harmless creature was a novelty to the more or less guilty inmates of Saint Lazare. They pitied her delusion, and set about making her happy in her own way. They endeavored, with what skill they possessed, to fabricate artificial roses, which supplied the absence of the natural ones to a certain point. Her days passed away pleasantly. The director of the prison labor, seeing such good attempts on the part of the women toward the fabrication of the artificial flowers, organized the business, and Marie M. became one of the apprentices. Whether her malady had reached its limit, or the analytic exercise had destroyed the charm, she was restored to mental health in half a year. She still retained her mysterious love for the favorite flower, and after her liberation she continued her prison avocation, and became one of the most skillful makers of artificial flowers in Paris.

WHAT MINISTERS TALKED ABOUT IN THE OLDER TIMES.

—It was a common custom with many ministers in older times to avail themselves of the many passing occurrences of their neighborhood, often of their own private affairs, or the domestic joys and sorrows of their parishioners. Thus the Rev. Ebenezer Turel—who died in 1778, after being pastor of the First Church at Medford, Mass., for fifty-four years—upon his marriage to his first wife, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Colman, of Boston, who was a beautiful dark brunette with brilliant eyes and graceful form, selected for his text on the Sunday following the words from the Song of Solomon, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

A GREAT NATURAL MATHEMATICIAN.—In Fayette, Mo., is a young man named Fields, entirely ignorant of letters or figures, who can, inside of three minutes, solve any mathematical problem given. The number of flocks necessary to reach to the sun, allowing six grains of flocks to one grain of wheat, and thirteen grains of wheat to the inch: Answer, 409,407,600,000,000 was answered in two minutes. Another problem, What would \$2,000 amount to in ten years, compounding interest at ten per cent? He worked out in three minutes, absolutely correct. What would a horse bring, there being 22 nails in his shoe, allowing three cents for the first, six for the second, nine, twenty-seven, eighty-one, and so on? He did not thirty-two distinct multiplications, yet he did it in three minutes.

NEWS BREVITIES.

It is proposed to elevate General Hardee to the Presidential chair of the University of Alabama.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI will formally open the Ecumenical Council.

LOUISVILLE has doubled in population since the war closed.

THE city of Mexico has neither bank, insurance office, nor public library.

CHESTNUTS were never more plenty in the western part of New York than now.

SALES of Connecticut seed leaf tobacco have been made this fall for sixty cents per pound.

MAINE has a new law appointing milk inspectors in all cities, and punishing adulterators.

THE population of Rochester, N. Y., is 60,208. The gain in four years is 18,268.

THE receipts of the San Francisco Mechanics' Institute Exhibition, on the night of the 9th inst., was upward of \$5,000.

On the night of the 10th, at North Nashville, Tenn., a colored child was burned to death by her clothes taking fire.

A GENTLEMAN of Brussels announces that he has invented an apparatus by which he can extract fire-damp, or any other vicious air, from mines.

THE remains of John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe and Isaac Watts are buried in one of the "unconsecrated" graveyards of London.

VIRGINIA papers mention with gratitude the return of wild game to her forests, even the birds having been driven away during the war.

PORTLAND has an association for providing for the relief of aged women, which spends \$2,000 a year.

THE barbarous old-fashioned uniform of the British army, it has just been discovered, has induced fatal heart disease in thousands of soldiers.

THE reduction of expenses in the Government offices at Washington, under Grant's administration, is \$2,000,000 a year.

MOUNT VERNON is being repainted and repainted, and is to have new oil-cloth, matting, and some antique furniture.

OUT of the 1,300 or 1,400 distilleries registered on the books of the Internal Revenue Department, only 400 are now in operation.

MILAN has provided the customs officers of that city with very powerful microscopes for the examination of all meat brought into the city, and make sure that none of it harbors trichina.

TWO TWENTY-FIVE cent notes of the new issue have been found afloat without the Treasury seal upon them. General Spinner thinks they got out in New York.

A STATE Military Court of Inquiry has found that an ammunition contractor has furnished the National Guard of the State of New York with defective cartridges.

THE Old and New School Presbyterian organizations have reported for union, by merging in one body their General Assemblies. These convened in Pittsburgh on the 10th inst.

THE Baltimore City Court has awarded \$17,000 damages to the wife and children of Michael Beck, who was killed by the cars of the Northern Central Railroad, in September, 1868.

THE chiefs of the tribes in Alaska are exceedingly dextrous, particularly at Sitka, of having schools and hospitals established by the Government in their midst.

THE freeholders of Passaic County, New Jersey, have passed a resolution appropriating \$100,000 for the purpose of building iron bridges over the Passaic River.

A MAN and his wife at Washington, who kept each a fruit and refreshment stand in the neighborhood of two or three of the departments, cleared \$20,000 during the war.

ON the day of the funeral ceremonies held in London over the remains of the late George Peabody, the city of Baltimore observed the occasion by causing the bells to be tolled, and closing the public departments for the day.

A FATAL shooting affray took place on the 9th inst., within a few miles of Memphis, Tenn., between two cousins, Benjamin and Cullen Stocks, in which the former was shot in the head. The difficulty arose from an old grudge.

IT is expected that two hundred delegates from Europe will visit this country a year from this fall to attend the General Christian Alliance in the city of New York. The Convention will be one of the great events of the age.

THE Tennessee Legislature have adopted resolutions of respect to the memory of George Peabody, and rejected the amendments to the Convention bill, reducing the number of members of the House to fifty.

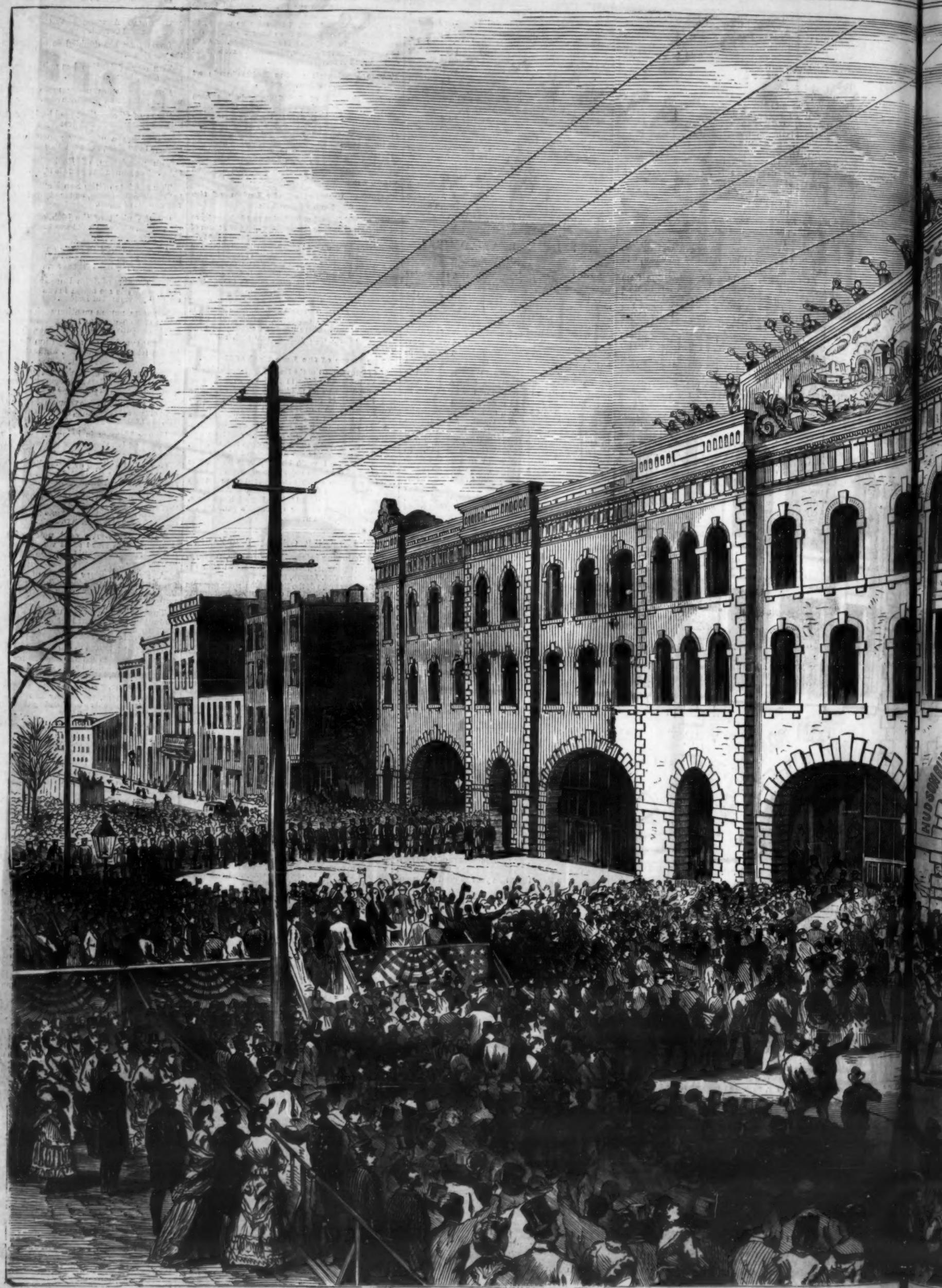
THE flag of the 115th Pennsylvania Regiment, which was captured by the rebels at the battle of Gettysburg, and afterward found among the baggage captured from Jeff. Davis, has been returned to the State Adjutant-General at Harrisburg.

THE Leavenworth (Kansas) Times says that the Indians, having learned to fear their Great Father's troops, are now, for the most part, peacefully submitting to the Quaker policy. It sums up the process of subjection thus: "After war, peace; after bullets, bread; after Custer, Quakers. 'Tis well."

THE village of West Hebron, Washington County, N. Y., is just now considerably excited over the probable discovery of a coal-mine on the farm of Robert Copeland. A specimen was tested the other day, and was found to be of the very best quality of bituminous coal.

PETER POULSTON was killed last week, at Perkins's Station, Mo., by the falling of a two hundred pound weight used at the water tank, directly upon his head, a distance of eighteen feet. He had barely time to say, "My God! I'm dead! Do you think I'll have time to write a letter?" when he expired.

A PARTY of body-snatchers visited the Methodist cemetery at Louisville, Ky., on the night of the 10th inst., but before they could remove a recently interred body, the sexton drove them off. He fired his revolver at the gang and badly wounded their leader, who, however, escaped.</p



THE VANDERBILT TESTIMONIAL.—UNVEILING THE BRONZE AT THE HUDSON RIVER PARK, NEW YORK.

(November 27, 1860.)

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WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toll shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road !

O little hands ! that, weak or strong
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask ;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task !

O little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires ;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls ! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine ;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears !
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—In this chapter the hero of the story, Mark Fielding and his first wife, *nee* Amanda Burt, are introduced to the reader—the husband as an ignorant but loving boy of twenty years; the wife as a handsome, coarse-minded woman of thirty. Fielding is the heir to a large estate; but, for reasons subsequently explained, is not made aware of the fact until upon the verge of manhood. The mother of his wife Amanda, a Mrs. Burt, was the housekeeper of the young man's grandfather, and being of an ambitious disposition, was desirous of having some hold on the estate. Failing to inveigle the boy's grandfather into marriage with her, she next contrives to so influence the mind of the grandson, that she gets him to consent and finally marry her daughter. Shortly subsequent to the marriage—which his guardian, Lawyer Trapper, informs mother and daughter is invalid in law because of the non-age of the son-in-law—Mark Fielding has had such proof of his wife's immorality proffered him, that his life is made wretched, and he charges her with dishonesty, and of at one time leading the life of a wanton. In the midst of the painful interview between Mark Fielding and Amanda Burt, Lawyer Trapper enters, and upon inducing his ward to retire, at once charges upon the bold woman and her bold mother a conspiracy to entrap the youth, that, through him, they might obtain not only wealth, but social standing. The chapter closes with an interview between Mark Fielding and his guardian, during which the former, in order to get safely out of the difficulty into which he had been inveigled, promises to put himself entirely in the hands of the latter. “Give her whatever she asks,” is Mark Fielding's cry, “if she will only promise never to come near me again.”

CHAPTER II.—Opens with a demand on the part of Mrs. Burt that her daughter should not be deprived of the society of her husband by Lawyer Trapper. But that gentleman, notwithstanding the vituperative speech and demonstrative manner of the lady named, smilingly and politely informs her, that since Mark Fielding had repudiated Miss Amanda, he was not wholly under his thumb, and besides, to the best of his knowledge, was then well on his way to Europe, significantly adding: “He has certainly left your daughter, but whether he has left his wife remains to be proved.” Of course the mother of the virtuous Amanda is filled with surprise and indignation, and an alteration of an exciting character ensues between the two. During the colloquy, the lawyer impresses Mrs. Burt with certain hints of knowledge, which so entirely cool her, that she finds it politic, if not peculiarly advantageous, to accept of specific terms, which involved her migration westward with all her household goods—of course including her beloved child, to whom grave error was imputed, and her husband, Farmer Burt, for whom she entertained any sentiment but that of love or respect.

CHAPTER III.—Is retrospective, and is taken up with an interview between the mother and daughter at the “Old Fielding Farmhouse.” The arrival of the daughter is expected momentarily, by the stage. She has been on a visit to the city, where she has resided for some considerable time. It is near sundown, and on the conclusion of the evening meal set out for the “hands working on the farm,” Mrs. Burt prepares, with the assistance of her maid-of-all-work, Katy—quite a rustic coquette, who has enthralled the heart of an odd specimen of the New England type of manhood, one Ben Wheeler—a choice supper for “Amanda.” When this has been prepared to the satisfaction of Mrs. Burt, Katy is dismissed from her labors for the day; and on “fixing herself up a little,” she accidentally, of course, meets Mr. Wheeler on the porch, where they enter into a confidential discourse on what Mrs. Burt said and did when she had the fever. In the meantime Amanda arrives, and is embraced by her, which token of affection she dutifully resents; and on recovering her breath and removing her travel-stained garments, sits down to the tea-table and dines a meal which would pose a fasting dyspeptic to make away with.

CHAPTER IV.—MR. TIMOTHY TRAIL.

It was late the next morning when Amanda Burt made her appearance below, attired in a flowered silk wrapper and embroidered skirt, which looked oddly enough in that homely though comfortable kitchen. But late as it was, she found a nice, hot breakfast waiting for her.

The clear light of day reveals the fact that she is some years older than she appeared to be last evening; but she would still be called a fine, stylish-looking girl, though evidently past the first bloom of youth.

She resembles her mother in the general outline of her features, though her complexion is fairer, and her hair and eyes lighter. There is the same projection in the lower jaw, though in a less marked degree.

Those who saw the young lady at her breakfast would have been at no loss to account for the plumpness and curved lines that added so much to her well-preserved beauty. Indeed, the quantity of food that she contrived to dispose of at one sitting would have been a marvel in any hard-working man.

“I hain't never seen yet any cookin' that I like as well as yours, ma,” she said, as suspending for a time her heavier labors, she prepared to swallow her fourth cup of coffee. “Sabrina's cook gets up all manner of dishes

that taste well enough, but there ain't no substance in them.”

“How did you leave Sabrina an' the rest of the folks?” said Mrs. Burt, scrutinizing closely her daughter's countenance.

“If she wrote you as much about her business as ‘bout mine, you know as well as I do. La, ma,” added Amanda, with a short laugh, “you needn't act so strange; she as good as told me what she wrote. I suppose that was the reason you was in such a hurry to get me home.”

“Was it true?”

“Sposin' 'twas!”

“A good deal. D'ye think, Amanda Burt,

that I've slaved myself ever since you was born,

to keep you like a lady, to have you throw

yourself away on a low, worthless feller like

Will Parker!”

Amanda didn't generally stand much in awe of her mother, but there were certain moods in which she did not care to brave her.

“I don't see what you're makin' such a fuss about,” she said, sulkily. “He's as good as I am, an' better, too.”

“He's as poor as a church-mouse! I know the Parkers, root an' branch; there never was one of 'em worth a cent yet, an' never will be. If you had anything of the pride that you arter have, you wouldn't demean yourself by speakin' to him.”

“That's the way you're always talkin'!” said Amanda, regarding her mother with an air of curiosity; “but I know that he's as good as any of your folks. As for my father's, I never knew anything 'bout 'em.”

This was uttered in an inquiring tone, but Mrs. Burt maintained a grim silence, fixing her eyes steadily upon the glittering knitting-needles that seemed to be running a race.

“Who is my father?” inquired Amanda, after waiting vainly for her mother to speak.

“Your father ain't livin'!” said Mrs. Burt, evasively.

“Wal, who was he, then?”

“Your father was a gentleman, child; which I hope you'll always remember. It ain't best that I should tell you anything more now.”

“Don't, then,” responded Amanda, as she arose from the table, and sauntered toward the window. “As to his bein' a gentleman, I can't see what that's done you or me, or is ever likely to. I wonder who that is?” she added, as she looked out across the fields.

It was a middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking man, who was walking very leisurely toward the house, pausing every now and then to examine the various indications of thrift and good husbandry on either side of him, and with an appearance of great interest. He smiled several times to himself, flourishing his little bamboo cane in the air, as though his thoughts were very pleasant.

But it was evident that Mrs. Burt's were of a very different nature. As she watched his approach, her face darkened with a look of mingled contempt, fear and dislike.

But there seemed to be no especial cause for this feeling, he being, to all appearance, as soft-spoken and mild-mannered a gentleman as one would wish to see.

He gave a quick, sharp rap with his cane upon the door, that was slightly ajar, and then, as Mrs. Burt seemed to be in no hurry about answering it, pushed it open.

As his eyes fell upon the tall, straight figure opposite him, and which had a certain air of dignity, not at all in keeping with her dress and surroundings, he removed his hat, saying:

“I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Burt, formerly housekeeper of Thomas Fielding?”

“My name is Burt, and I was housekeeper to Thomas Fielding,” was the cold and measured reply, uttered by lips, whose grim composure seemed to say: “All that you can get out of me, you're welcome to.”

“Ah, yes; I remember seeing you when I visited my uncle, some years ago. Time's hand seems to rest lightly on you. I am truly glad to see you looking so well. My name is Trail—Timothy Trail; the heir-at-law of the Fielding estate.”

Mrs. Burt cast a sharp, inquiring look upon that softly smiling face.

“In case of John Fielding's death leaving no heir.”

“Of which there is no reasonable doubt. If the boy was living, he would have been found ere this. In fact, I doubt John's ever having a son. Anyway, the estate reverts to the next heir after ten years, and those will soon expire.”

“Upon the 1st of April, next.”

Mr. Trail changed color. Mrs. Burt's tenacious memory in regard to facts and dates was evidently neither expected nor desired. But recovering himself, he bowed with a candid and cheerful air, saying:

“I understand you have the key to ‘The House.’ As I have an hour or so on my hands before the stage leaves, I think I will go over. It is a fine old mansion. I spent many happy hours there during the lifetime of my uncle.”

“Mr. Trapper told me not to let any one have it, unless they had an order from him.”

“Indeed! how unfortunate that I didn't know of it before I left Boston, as I could easily have got one. But it will make no difference—being a relative, you know. I will make it all right with Mr. Trapper.”

“Very likely; still, I cannot deliver up the key without an order.”

“No? Of course I should not think of troubling you without compensation. And as I have taken a—perhaps foolish notion to walk through those once familiar rooms again, I should not mind being liberal. Come, how much shall it be?”

From the silken meshes of the purse that he balanced carelessly upon one finger came the bright gleam of gold; yet, though Mrs. Burt was never considered over-scrupulous by those who had dealings with her, she seemed to be quite insensible to its mute appeal.

“I have only one answer; I cannot give you the key without an order.”

The heavy purse fell back into the pocket with a musical jingle.

“What a beautiful, what an affecting spectacle this is!” burst forth Mr. Trail, rubbing his soft white hands slowly together, his features expressive of the most enthusiastic admiration, with the exception of the eyes, and which had such a different look, that they seemed to belong to another face. “I shall never regret my call upon you, though it seems to fail of its object: the contemplation of so much faithfulness to duty, such devotion to principle, is so soothing and elevating to the feelings! Ah, yes! I am overwhelmed with sorrow and confusion that I should have attempted to bribe so much virtue, and beg that you will accept my apologies and regrets.”

Pleasant, softly-spoken words were these, to produce such a strange effect upon the person to whom they were addressed. Even the lips grew white and rigid as she listened. Rage, to which she feared to yield, fear, to which she was too proud to succumb, struggled for the mastery in her heart.

For a time neither spoke, but stood eying each other very much as two hostile animals might. Mr. Trail evidently had the best of it, so far, of which he was well aware, and seemed to be inwardly debating how and in what direction to make his next attack. But there was a grim endurance about Mrs. Burt, which seemed to imply no intention of yielding, though obliged to confine herself to a strictly defensive policy.

Mr. Trail was the first to break the silence.

“I believe Mr. Burt has a life-lease from my uncle of the Fielding farm?”

“Yes.”

“For what service did you say?”

“I don't think I mentioned any.”

“Ah, excuse me; an unnecessary question, as I am well aware. Mr. Burt was in my uncle's employ I think? A very worthy man, I am sure. Must have been devoted to his master's interests, as his conduct, at least in one respect, abundantly proves. How pleasant it is to see a marriage springing from such pure and honorable motives! Indeed, I quite envy your connubial felicity!”

If looks could stab, Mr. Trail would have been transfixed by those that were now directed toward him. But he met smilingly the light of those angry eyes, rubbing his hands softly together, as though he had been saying the most delightful things imaginable.

His gaze now reverted from Mrs. Burt's face to Amanda's, who had been listening to this conversation with a puzzled look, and who was especially astonished at her mother's terrible though repressed agitation, for which she was unable to perceive any adequate cause.

“This is your daughter, I suppose,” resumed Mr. Trail, his eyes resting upon Amanda's face with a peculiar look, and which made her feel uncomfortable, she hardly knew why. “Ah, yes; I should know that anywhere. Not on account of her resemblance to you—though she does resemble you. But then her eyes! I could not mistake those, Mrs. Ames. Dear-dear me! strange that I should call you by that name, isn't it, now? Mrs. Burt, I should say; I beg ten thousand pardons!”

Apparently powerless to defend herself, and too proud to give audible expression to the torture she was enduring, Mrs. Burt shut her teeth together with a fierce snap, which seemed to increase Mr. Trail's evident satisfaction.

“How do you do, my dear?” he said, addressing Amanda. “You are looking very much as your mother did at your age, who was a very handsome woman.”

At this compliment Amanda blushed, smiled, and would have spoken, had not her mother harshly interposed, saying:

“Amanda, if you have any work to do, go and do it. As for you,” she added, turning to Trail, “say what you've got to say to me.”

“I have only to beg that you will give my regards to your worthy husband, and assure him, should I come into possession of my uncle's property, which now seems very possible, I shall not fail to look into the title by which he holds so valuable a portion of it; notwithstanding the signal service he rendered, not my uncle alone, but all in any way connected with him. Neither shall I forget to reward the friendly office you performed for me at a later day. Good-morning, ma'am; good-morning, my dear.”

Here Mr. Trail glided away, with the easy, undulating motion of a serpent, and as venomous as graceful. Once he turned his head, and perceiving Amanda at the window, bowed and waved his hand, to which Amanda, whose vanity was flattered by this mark of attention from so fine a gentleman, responded.

This seemed to sting her mother from the stony trance in which she stood.

“How dare you!” she exclaimed, fiercely, dragging her away from the window.

“I should think you was crazy, ma!” said the astonished girl, angrily, as she shook herself free from her mother's grasp. “There comes as pleasant and polite a gentleman as I ever saw in my life, and you are so rude to him as to make me actually ashamed! and then fly at me like a wild-cat, just because I return his bow—which was monstrous polite in him, I'm sure. I hope I know what belongs to good manners, if you don't!”

“Child!” groaned Mrs. Burt, sinking down into a chair, “you don't know what you're talkin' bout. That man is the worst enemy you ever had. If it hadn't been for him you might have been—But no matter; I paid him for it, and in his own coin, too!”

Amanda stared at her mother; her strange agitation and still stranger words, so unlike her usual calm, self-contained manner, puzzled and bewildered her.

“I should really like to know what you mean, ma? I never knew you to talk and act so strangely. The man never did me any harm as I know of.”

“I mean to set about gittin' dinner,” said Mrs. Burt, rising to her feet, and resuming her

usual tone and manner. “And all I ask of you is to take yourself off to your own room, or somewhere, out of my way.”

With this characteristic speech, Mrs. Burt sprang to work with an energy that seemed determined to make up for lost time. She hardly seemed like the same woman, as she stood, a few moments later, in the back-kitchen, preparing the meat for the oven, and giving Katy directions about boiling the vegetables.

From the tragedies enacted upon the stage such things are carefully excluded, but in the far more terrible tragedies of real life they are not so easily disposed of. For people must eat and drink, though hearts break in their midst; the routine of daily life must still go on, though all the fierce passions that make the soul a hell rage in and around us.

And so Mrs. Burt went through with the minutest details of the noonday meal; and this done, into her dairy, where the long rows of milk-pans stood yellow with cream—her quick eye and active hand noting and remediying everything that was amiss. And yet, during all this, the fangs of murderous hate and disappointed ambition were busy at her heart; that spectre of the past, the crime unrepented of, and yet not unavenged, rose up before her, bringing with it the bitterest thought of all, that that for which it had been committed was now further from her grasp than ever.

CHAPTER V.—THE OLD FIELDING HOUSE.

THE “Farmhouse,” described in a preceding chapter of our story, was situated some rods back from the public highway, on a private road that led from it.

After running directly past the house, it diverged to the left, broadening into a beautiful avenue, lined on either side by stately elms, whose interlacing branches formed a cool and pleasant shade during the sultriest days of summer. With gradual ascent, it wound around the brow of a hill, until it reached the broad granite steps of a mansion, known for miles around as “The Old Fielding House.”

It was a roomy and lofty building, though it could boast of no particular style of architecture. Indeed, it had a rather odd appearance, taken as a whole, from the fact that it had received various additions from its successive owners, no two of whom seemed to agree as to their idea of fitness and beauty. Still, it made a fair and stately appearance, and seemed to look down with an air of pride upon the village in the valley below, and the more humble dwellings by which it was surrounded.

It was beautifully situated, and the father of its late owner had spent a good deal of money in improving and adorning its grounds. Indeed, nature and art had gone so evenly hand in hand, that it was difficult telling to which it was most

children, seemed to close it more effectually against them. The partiality she showed to her own son, Thomas, was another cause for dissensions, which daily increased in bitterness and frequency.

Mr. Fielding was not blind, and could not fail to see that Laura and John were not always treated justly; but he was a man that liked peace, and it was easier for him to yield to his wife than to defend his children and to take the storm of angry reproaches that always followed.

And then Mrs. Fielding was cool and crafty, and in every difficulty that arose between her and her stepchildren, contrived to make the latter most at fault, managing to bring to their father's notice their worse, and hide from him their better, qualities, as to alienate in time his heart from them, and centre it almost exclusively upon his youngest son.

John had the most trouble with his stepmother. He had that quick, excitable temper that often accompanied warm and generous affections. His own mother would have had her patience severely tried; but a firm and gentle hand could not have failed, in the end, of winning a rich reward.

Finding his home so distasteful and uncomfortable, John, who was of a social nature, sought his pleasures and society elsewhere, and it could not be denied but what these were too often of a character of which no father could approve.

John met the angry remonstrances of his father by sullen defiance, if not open rebellion, and the result can be imagined.

Mr. Fielding's natural irritability was much increased by the disease of which he died a few years later, and the daily increasing bitterness between the father and son was artfully fomented by Mrs. Fielding, who hoped that it would result in a total estrangement, thus insuring the whole property to her own son, whom she was fast spoiling by her fond and foolish indulgence.

Like many another, she was cursed with the accomplishment of her own wishes. One day, during a violent altercation with his son, Mr. Fielding became so beside himself with rage as to bid him leave the house, and never enter it again.

Wounded beyond endurance, not only by his father's language, but by the harsh treatment of his stepmother, John did not wait for a second bidding; he left the town as well as house, going no one knew whither.

As soon as his anger had time to cool, Mr. Fielding regretted the words he had uttered, though too proud to acknowledge it, and there was no time within the few weeks that followed that he would not gladly have received any overture for reconciliation. But none came, and the instigations of the wily woman at his side that this silence was occasioned by unfilial pride and resentment, gradually steeled the father's heart against any relenting, and prevented any inquiries that might have led to his place of retreat.

Neither was Mr. Fielding much more fortunate with his daughter. Laura formed an unhappy attachment for a low, pettifogging attorney, for whom her father, who was very strong in his dislikes, had particular aversion.

This circumstance afforded another opportunity for the exercise of her stepmother's peculiar talents, and so successful were her tactics that the result was a clandestine marriage, contracted under the insane idea that Mr. Fielding would soon be reconciled to what it was no longer in his power to hinder.

But in this the young couple found themselves woefully mistaken; the old man was so much incensed at his daughter's conduct, that for weeks the mere mention of her name threw him into a paroxysm of fury that was fearful to witness; and though in time this subsided, it was into a state of settled displeasure.

As Silas Trail's motives in marrying were purely mercenary, as soon as he was assured of Mr. Fielding's determination not to give his daughter a penny, he pretended affection for his young wife cooled rapidly. He was mean and cowardly enough to vent his disappointment on her, who now had no one else to look to, and the poor girl soon began to find that, in trying to better her condition, she had only exchanged one uncomfortable home for another.

But Mrs. Trail did not trouble her husband many years; she died, leaving one child, a son.

Upon hearing of his daughter's death, Mr. Fielding relented so far as to send for the child, but young Timothy was, unfortunately, the very image of his father in all his looks and ways, which created a feeling of repulsion in his grandfather's heart the moment he beheld him.

Still, he offered to provide for the child, on condition that his father consented to his taking the name of Fielding, and relinquishing all control over him. This Mr. Trail refused to do; so little Timothy was sent away, and never saw his grandfather again.

Mr. Fielding now had the whole field to herself, of which she was not slow to take advantage. She found no difficulty in inducing her husband, whose health was slowly failing, to make a will in favor of her son, Thomas, giving him the whole property, thus accomplishing the darling wish of her heart.

But there came to the old man, in his dying hour, tender memories of the gentle wife who left him so early, commanding their children with her last breath to his love and care.

The thought of how ill he had performed that promise weighed heavily on his heart. It was too late to make any different disposition of his property, but, calling Thomas to his bedside, he solemnly enjoined him to make every effort to find his brother, and, if successful, to share with him in all that he left.

But this injunction was soon forgotten by Thomas, who had but a faint remembrance of his half-brother; neither would it be supposed that he would be in any hurry to share so fair an inheritance with any one.

When Mrs. Fielding died, Thomas found

among her private papers some letters from John, addressed to his father, and which his mother had intercepted. They recalled, not very pleasantly, his father's dying commands, and he put them carefully away, with the vague idea that they might some day be needed.

Trained to a life of ease and self-indulgence, as soon as Thomas gained full control of his person and property he entered upon a long course of dissipation and excess, if not of open prodigality. He spent most of his time among the gay scenes of city life, not visiting more than once a year, and then very briefly, his beautiful country home, and which his father had taken so much pains to embellish and improve.

But at last, whether from pure weariness or because his constitution had become seriously impaired, he suddenly returned home, with the avowed intention of settling down to a regular and quiet life.

To carry out this laudable resolution, he married. But, unfortunately for them both, his choice fell upon a lady gentle and amiable, indeed, but wanting in that force and dignity of character necessary to insure the respect and lasting regard of so turbulent a spirit.

Thomas soon wearied of his wife's pretty face and simple ways, and when she disappointed his hopes of an heir to his name and estate, his secret indifference changed to open neglect.

This was greatly increased after the arrival of Mrs. Ames, who filled, nominally, the position of housekeeper, and who gradually possessed herself of an influence and authority in the household never attained by its weak, inefficient mistress.

Little was known of Mrs. Ames's antecedents. She professed to be a widow, but was very uncommunicative in regard to her husband and former mode of life. She had one child, a little girl about eight, quite a pet with Mr. Fielding in private, though it was observed that he took no notice of her whatever in the presence of outsiders.

Mrs. Ames, though on the shady side of thirty, was still handsome, and, in a certain way, must have been very attractive before time brought out the natural hardness of her character. Still, it was difficult to understand the nature of the peculiar influence she exerted over Mr. Fielding. It might have been based on love or fear, or, what is more probable, the influence of a strong will over a mind weakened by self-indulgence and disease.

But, whatever might be its source, its existence was evident, and though she took care not to step out of her position, treating not only Mr. Fielding, but his wife, with every outward mark of respect, it was manifest that hers was the ruling power in the house, and it was soon noticed that no servant or dependent remained in it long who had the misfortune to offend her.

But whatever Mrs. Ames's relations to her employer might be, or had been, the most curious eye failed to detect anything in their intercourse that their respective positions would not justify—at least, not during the lifetime of his wife.

At last Mrs. Fielding began to give evidence of realizing the oft-disappointed hopes of her husband, whose long-slumbering tenderness began to revive—if not toward his wife, for the mother of his prospective heir.

However Mrs. Ames might have regarded, at heart, this unlooked-for occurrence, she seemed to share in Mr. Fielding's joy, and to enter with alacrity into everything that could bring his hopes to a happy realization.

Mrs. Fielding had always felt a quiet repugnance to the housekeeper, full as enduring, perhaps, because it was never expressed in words; but so crushed was she by the habitual tyranny of her husband, that she ventured only a feeble remonstrance when put under her exclusive charge.

True, as Mrs. Fielding's health continued to fail, a hired nurse was procured; but as she was under the control and influence of Mrs. Ames, it did not make matters much different.

Mr. Fielding's paternal hopes were doomed to be blasted. His wife was seized with the pangs of premature labor, and, before the physician could arrive that had been summoned, her sorrowful life was ended. And her babe—the child of so many hopes, that was to be the heir of so much wealth—was buried in the same coffin.

After this sad event, the empire that Mrs. Ames had established over her employer was stronger than ever. They were thrown much together, and the effect of this unrestrained intercourse upon a man of Mr. Fielding's temperament was evident.

It is difficult telling how it might have terminated, had it not been for the sudden arrival of Timothy Trail, who was on friendly terms with his uncle, and who had received a timely warning of the danger that menaced his prospects.

What appeals were made, and what arguments used to arouse the infatuated man to a sense of his folly, it is impossible to say. But it was known that his departure was followed by a stormy scene between Mr. Fielding and his housekeeper. But in some way a compromise was effected, and it blew over.

A few weeks later, Mrs. Ames was married to a man in Mr. Fielding's employ by the name of Burt, and to whom Mr. Fielding gave a lifelease of the farm at the lower end of his estate.

Mrs. Burt entered her new home and upon her new life with the evident determination to make the best of what she had been able to get. Unwilling to lose the footing she still retained, she maintained an outward show of complaisance, and even yielded to Mr. Fielding's suggestion that her daughter should take her husband's name. But the poisoned arrow of disappointment rankled deep in her heart, and she never forgot nor forgave the cause of her defeat and humiliation.

Though evidently relieved at having her taken off his hands, Mrs. Burt retained, to the last, a strong hold upon the mind of her late

employer, especially during the closing years of his life.

She was not ignorant of his nephew Timothy's hopes and plans, and was determined that he should not gain anything by his interference with hers.

It was she that reminded Thomas of his father's dying words in relation to his half-brother John, for so many years unheeded; and as there was now no hope of having heirs of his own body, he resolved to hunt him up.

To this end, he put the letters he had found among his mother's papers in the hands of Mr. Trapper—his lawyer, and an old friend of the family—they being the only clue he possessed to John's whereabouts.

On examining the letters, Mr. Trapper found that they were mailed from a small village in the northern part of New York.

He wrote to the resident clergyman, and ascertained that John Fielding had married a girl as poor and friendless as himself; and after struggling along in poverty for some years, had moved "out West"—a term too indefinite to admit of being very easily traced.

By consulting the parish register, it was found that, before he left, he had one son born to him—Mark. The birth of this boy was also mentioned in one of his last letters to his father.

Though nothing more was done about it then, Thomas did not relinquish the idea, which was seen by his will, opened after his death, about eight years later.

Much to the disappointment of his nephew, Timothy, who had expected to enter upon immediate possession, his whole property was left in trust to Mr. Trapper for the benefit of his brother John, or, if dead, of his heirs. In case it was not claimed within ten years, it was to go to his nephew, Timothy, and sooner, if authentic information of his death was received, leaving no children.

This trust could not have been consigned to more honorable and faithful hands. Mr. Trapper always thought that John was unjustly dealt with, and made every effort to find him.

To this end, he put the following advertisement in the leading papers of all the Western States:

INFORMATION WANTED—Of the whereabouts of JOHN FIELDING, formerly of Stockwell, Conn.; or, if not living, of his son, MARK, born in F—, New York State, October 7, 18—. By calling on, or addressing Simon Trapper, Boston, Court Square, they will hear of something greatly to their advantage.

But it was of no avail. Year after year passed, and no tidings were received until it wanted but a few months of the time at which it was to pass into the hands of Timothy Trail—to his undisguised satisfaction, and the secret, though equally as great dissatisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Burt, who feared that it would result in their being turned out of their present comfortable quarters.

THE VANDERBILT BRONZE.

THE ceremony of unveiling the bronze biography of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt took place on Wednesday, November 10, at the Hudson River Railroad Depot, recently completed on old St. John's Park. The extensive and magnificent testimonial to the famous railroad and steamboat king is constructed on the extreme front of the Hudson street side of the large building. The work is cast in square sections, and is erected on the roof against a massive brick wall three feet thick, to which they are firmly fastened with iron anchors, more than 2,000 in number. This bronze, as a whole, covers an area of 3,125 square feet, measures about 150 feet in a straight line, and 31 feet in extreme height; weighs nearly 100,000 pounds, and cost, as nearly as can be ascertained, over \$500,000. It consists of an immense bronze statue of Commodore Vanderbilt, placed in the centre of a colossal bas-relief, which is ingeniously contrived not only to illustrate most admirably the career and achievements of the commodore, but also to represent the marvelous inventions of the nineteenth century, and at the same time to portray allegorically the growth and prosperity of the great American republic. The figure weighs a trifle over four tons, and is, therefore, rather larger than what is usually termed colossal—in fact, the largest bronze figure ever cast in this country, and, perhaps, the largest in the world.

The heavy fur-trimmed overcoat—a part of Mr. Vanderbilt's habitual winter dress—has a further tendency to give the presentation a natural appearance. The attitude is one of bold, strong and dignified repose, giving to the statue that air of Roman boldness and hardihood which is one of the peculiarities of pose observable in the subject.

The remainder of the work consists of an immense bas-relief, allegorically representative of the biography of the central figure, and incidentally representative of the material progress of the century, in the developing of which that figure has borne a conspicuous part. In a word, the bas-relief in question is a bit of American history in bronze, bent to the illustration of the career of the central piece. The base upon which it is erected is formed of a narrow tier of blue-stone, in the centre of which, solidly inserted in the wall of the building, appears a huge carved block of native granite, weighing eleven tons or more, and serving as a support for the pedestal mentioned, which is five feet square and a foot and a half high. The latter is formed of a single solid block of bronze, and exhibits the inscription, "Erected 1868."

An elegant granite cornice surmounts the whole, and slopes easily upward for about one-third of the distance from either extremity, turns abruptly up, and then runs along horizontally, finally forming an arc of a circle directly over the head of the statue. Ornamental work in bronze decorates the middle of the granite cornice, and the bas-relief terminating

at either end in a colossal scroll-work of leaves and plants. On either hand of the statue, between it and these terminant scrolls, appears the allegorical biography of the subject.

The right-hand bas-relief is devoted to the representation of Vanderbilt's career as the autocrat of the steamboat interest; the left-hand one to the delineation of his career in the same relation to the railroad interest. In the foreground, on the right, lounges Neptune, typifying the sea, with flowing beard, a wreath of leaves on his head, and a modern rudder in his hand. A huge sea-monster looks up from the water at his feet; an American raccoon peers round the corner of the rock on which he lounges.

The background on the right is formed by the forest-tufted palisades of the Hudson; then shoots off the figure of a lighthouse, and next emerges the little two-masted pirogue, the Diver, in which, half a century since, Mr. Vanderbilt carried passengers to Staten Island at twenty-five cents apiece. The North Star, of 1853 celebrity, and under full sail, appears next, plowing along under strong headway, and the huge Vanderbilt (steamer), also completely rigged and under full head of steam, completes the climax.

The extreme left of the left bas-relief, representative of Mr. Vanderbilt's career as a railroad man, begins with the figure of Liberty, to balance that of Neptune on the extreme left. The left hand holds a sword, emblematic of eternal vigilance, while the right rests easily upon the American shield, from behind which an eagle is emerging. This forms the extreme left. In the middle foreground of this left bas-relief, a railroad official, flag in hand, is just emerging from the little caboose or lilliput house near the track, along which, tugging from the depot a long train of cars, appears the locomotive C. Vanderbilt in the background next to the statue, serving the double purpose to carry out the allegory.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Bishop Jones, after which Captain Dugrot gave the signal for unavailing the bronze, and the squad of sailors distributed along its crest hauled up the canvas, and displayed the work to a crowd of spectators numbered by thousands. His Honor Mayor Hall then delivered an eloquent and characteristic oration, and at its conclusion William Ross Wallace recited an original ode in honor of the subject commemorated. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Quinell.

In shipping and naval, as well as railroad, circles, the day was observed with the demonstrations incident to a holiday. Flags floated high from all points in the harbor, as if the national colors had all come to the conclusion to exhibit themselves simultaneously. The various Government buildings in the city flung out the national ensign, as also the various municipal departments, several of the hotels, and the different railroad depots in the vicinity, in honor of the occasion.

THANKSGIVING-DAY IN NEW ENGLAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE peaceful observance of the day annually set apart—at the close of the harvest season—for returning thanks to the benevolent Father for His care and advancement of our material interests, is to be commended and observed.

Thanksgiving Day is strictly of New England origin. The early settlers on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, in their prosperity, could not forget to whom praise was due; and the preachers and elders of the rugged and sternly religious pioneers of American civilization were not content until their followers had, in a particular manner, offered their ascriptions to the God they worshiped for signally answering their unremitting labors in the field, the shop, and on the sea, by increase of wealth and numerical strength.

The great and persistent foe of the brave men and women who calmly challenged the perils of the deep to reach a land which was to be the cradle of a nobler life than was permitted them in Europe, was the Aborigine. The Indian could not remain at peace with the stranger. He felt that the man of the "long sword," although that weapon might never be drawn against him, was his enemy. Vast as was the New World to which the restless, adventurous Caucasian, with his religious ideas and encroaching spirit, was drawn, it was too narrow for him and the Red Man; and so, from the beginning, war was waged—a war of extermination on the one hand, and of expulsion on the other.

And thus, out of the antagonistic spirits of religion and tumult, has grown up a day of observance which has become national. A quarter of a century ago, and even later, Thanksgiving Day was appointed by the Governors of States, and was not particularly observed except by New England people, outside of the land of the Pilgrims. It has grown rapidly within a decade, and the Proclamation of the President of the United States has tacitly superseded the invitations of the governors. As a national day, therefore, let us accept it, believe in it, and while we listen to the teachings of religion, let us not forget that which, coming up out of the bosom of the fruitful earth, will make us rejoice for the continued advancement of all, and the prosperity of the Republic, whose equal liberties are the result of rugged Puritan thought and perseverance.

Our picture, which represents a "Thanksgiving Dinner in New England two hundred years ago," tells its own story. While men and women labored, rejoiced and prayed, they had, in all seasons and at all hours, an ever-vigilant and implacable enemy to contend with. The family, in its generations, is gathered around the festive board, and in the presence of "fat things" and sounds of rejoicing, the war cry is heard, and the poisoned arrows are seen to fly.



THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW ENGLAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—SEE PAGE 178.

HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.

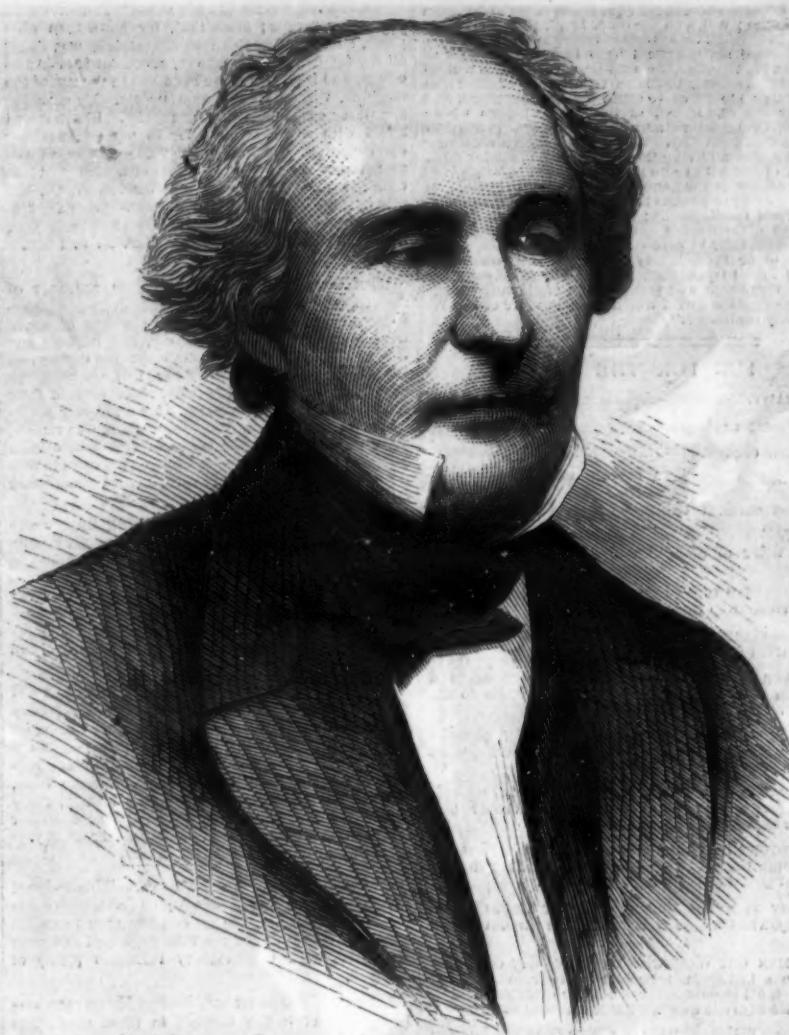
This eminent statesman, who served his country faithfully in many capacities for nearly half a century, died at his residence, in the city of Washington, at twenty minutes before eleven o'clock of the morning of Thursday, the 11th inst.

The deceased was a native of Northampton, Pa., and was born early in the year 1801.

He was graduated with honor at the University of Pennsylvania in 1819, studied law, and settled in Pittsburgh, where he was admitted to the bar in 1821. Mr. Walker entered political life early, taking a prominent part in the Harrisburg Convention which nominated Andrew Jackson for President in 1824. In the spring of 1826 he removed to Mississippi, and continued the practice of his profession at Jackson in that State until 1836, when he was chosen to represent the State in the United States Senate.

He served as Senator until 1845, taking position as one of the leaders of the Democratic party in that body. In 1845 President Polk took Mr. Walker into his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, in which post he remained four years.

The principal event of his administration was the tariff of 1846, the terms of which were framed under his supervision. He retired from public life on the accession of General Taylor, and made his residence at New Orleans. When Mr. Buchanan became President, in 1857, John W. Geary had just abandoned the position of Governor of Kansas in disgust. The new President appointed his former Cabinet associate, Robert J. Walker, to the vacant place, with Frederick P. Stanton, also from Pennsylvania,



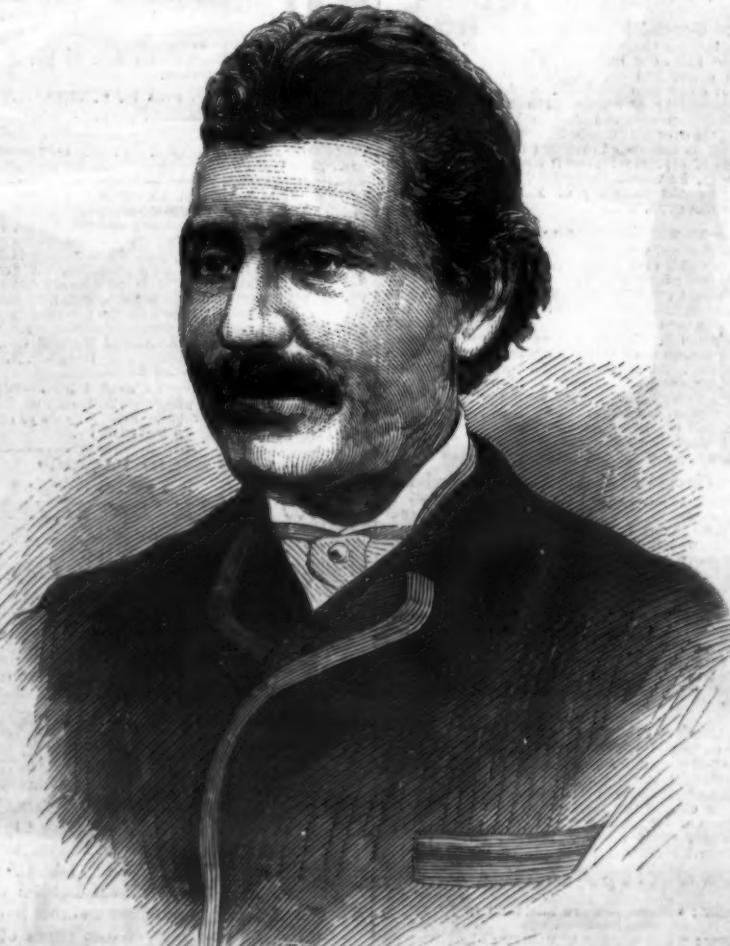
THE LATE HON. ROBERT J. WALKER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

The prompt, confident answer pleased the commodore. "I will," said he; and he added these remarkable words, which young Degroot treasured up and has made the maxim of his life: "Be a good boy, do right, and you may yet make your mark in the world."

With the commodore as an example and patron, Albert rose rapidly from an humble position on one of the Vanderbilt boats, through all the grades of service, to that of commander. Alert, untiring, faithful, he acquired the commodore's confidence, and received from him at times assistance, and, what was still better, sound advice, which had a powerful effect in shaping the young man's future course. It was owing to his employer's encouragement that Albert developed his talents for drawing and designing, which he has lately exhibited in the

great monument of art erected in honor of his earliest and best friend.

Imitating the commodore's own bold and self-reliant career, young Degroot, as soon as he could command the means, went into the steamboat business for himself. He built, from plans of his own, and ran successively, the *Oceania*, *Niagara* and other boats, famous in their day on the North River. These boats were noted for strength, speed, and beauty of finish. They contained many improvements original with Captain Degroot, and were furnished and decorated with that richness and good taste which alone could satisfy his artistic mind. He subsequently commanded the splendid steamer *Reindeer*. As a steamboat captain he was exceedingly popular with all classes of travelers.



CAPTAIN ALBERT DEGROOT. DESIGNER OF THE VANDERBILT BRONZE.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT FAIRMOUNT CEMETERY, NEWARK, N. J.—SEE PAGE 182.

for Secretary. Walker speedily became unpopular by refusing to admit a false election return from Oxford in Johnson County, where the names on the register were copied alphabetically from a Cincinnati directory. The fraudulent Lecompton Constitution was shortly afterward promulgated against his remonstrances, and he immediately and honorably resigned.

Subsequently he achieved some notoriety as an editor and contributor to literary periodicals; and during the war published several notable letters on finance, negro citizenship, etc. He finally made his home at Washington, and engaged in the prosecution of claims and specific measures of legislation. His health now declined, and for some time before his death he was unable to give attention to business.

CAPTAIN ALBERT DEGROOT.

YEARS ago, when Commodore Vanderbilt was in the first tide of his prosperity as a steamboat-builder, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy called on him one morning at his office. The lad was Albert Degroot, son of Garrett Degroot, a worthy and respected resident of Staten Island, where the commodore then lived.

The commodore had promised Mr. Degroot to give his boy some employment on one of his steamers, and Albert had called to report for duty.

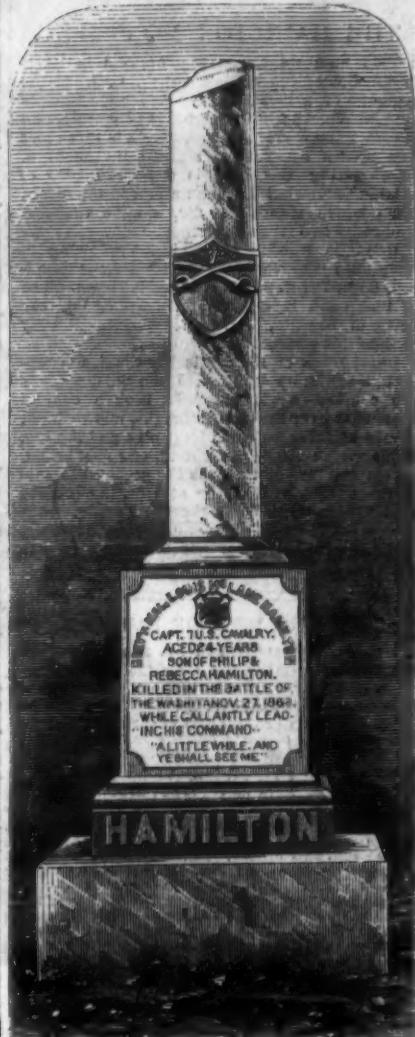
"What can you do?" asked the busy man, in his blunt but kindly way.

"Almost anything," said the boy. "Try me, sir."

About 1857, Captain Degroot withdrew from steamboating, and built the *Prescott House*, at the corner of Broadway and Spring street. It was erected about the same time as the *St. Nicholas*, and was the pioneer of the new style of sumptuous hotels which have since multiplied in the metropolis and added greatly to its renown. The decorative work, all from the captain's own designs, was much admired. He little suspected at that time what direction his genius in that line would ultimately take.

After a successful experience as hotel proprietor and manager, the captain turned again to his early passion of steamboat-building. The breaking out of the civil war brought his skill as naval constructor into request. He planned and built two boats of great symmetry, strength and speed, the *Reliance* and *Resolute*—the novelties of machinery and design introduced into which, made quite a stir among the steamboat men of New York. Upon their completion the "twin beauties," as they were popularly called, were purchased by the Government, and rendered highly valuable service in some of the most important naval engagements of the war. The captain also built and sold to the Government a still more magnificent steamer, the *Jacob H. Vanderbilt*, named after a brother of the commodore.

Captain Degroot had long meditated the payment of some appropriate compliment and mark of gratitude to the distinguished friend of his early life. The opportunity came with the purchase of St. John's Park by the Hudson River Railroad Company, and the erection of an enormous depot thereon. In a happy moment the captain conceived the idea of plastically representing in bronze the life and public services of the commodore, and placing



THE HAMILTON MONUMENT, EVERGREEN CEMETERY, WILLIAMSBURG, L. L.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SLEW BROTHERS—SEE PAGE 182.

this metallic history or panorama on the forefront of the new building, which was of itself one of the most striking illustrations of the commodore's enterprise and vast resources. With Captain Degroot, to resolve is to achieve. His quick brain rapidly settled on the details of the work, and his ready hand committed them to paper. Filled with the grandeur of his idea, he could not rest until he had interested in the scheme other citizens of means and reputation, who were either warm personal friends of the commodore, or admired him as an illustrious type of American perseverance and energy. Sufficient money—about \$500,000—was soon subscribed to complete the work, and that, too, without the knowledge of the commodore, who was carefully kept in ignorance of the honor preparing for him. A foundry was built, the most skillful artists and workmen were engaged, and—but we need not rehearse the marvelous story of the growth of this gigantic work of art, from its birth in the brain of Captain Degroot to its maturity and its unavailing amid the acclamations of crowds of delighted spectators, including hundreds of citizens eminent in the various walks of commerce, literature and art, and a dazzling array of the beauty and fashion of New York. It is enough to say in the present connection, that this artistic achievement—the result of persistent determination in the face of immense difficulties—is the greatest, thus far, of Captain Degroot's busy life, and links his name in imperishable bronze with that of his earliest benefactor.

Captain Degroot is a man of quiet, retired

habits, unpretending in his demeanor, affable with his acquaintances, and warmly attached to his friends. He is still in the prime of life and the full vigor of his powers, and there is ground for hope that he may give to the world other creations of art not inferior to his first great masterpiece—the Vanderbilt Bronze.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT NEWARK, N. J.

A BEAUTIFUL monument, erected at Fairmount Cemetery, Newark, N. J., to the memory of the New Jersey soldiers who died during the rebellion, was publicly unveiled on Thursday, November 11th, in the presence of an immense assembly of veteran soldiers, State militia, State and city authorities, the Fire Department, and other civil associations.

The monument is of light granite, and is a square column, tapering to the top. On the apex is the chiseled figure of an infantry soldier, in full winter uniform, standing at a rest. It is suitably inscribed, and is, altogether, a very neat, stately memorial, costing over \$5,000. It is located at one end of the plot allotted to Newark's departed heroes. At the other end a noble flagstaff has been planted.

Alderman Wilson, of the Common Council Committee, presented the monument to the city, and Mayor Puddie, in a brief speech, received it.

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, delivered the oration, which was distinguished alike for its appropriateness, its beauty of conception, and its deep pathos. Mr. Woodford paid a glowing and eloquent tribute to the services rendered by New Jersey's best and bravest on many a hard-fought field.

THE HAMILTON MONUMENT.

THIS monument, recently erected in Evergreen Cemetery, Williamsburgh, L. I., to the memory of a brave soldier and an estimable man, is about 9 feet in height, is of marble, and stands upon a granite base, which is three feet five inches square and sixteen inches high. Surmounting this base is a second base of marble, somewhat less than a foot in thickness, upon which stands the die, a cube two feet square by two feet three inches high.

Upon the front of the die is the following inscription: "Brevet Major Louis McLane Hamilton, Capt. 7th U. S. Cavalry, aged 24 years, son of Philip and Rebecca Hamilton, killed in the battle of Washita, Nov. 27, 1868, while gallantly leading his command."

On the left of the die is inscribed a synopsis of his military services. Upon the die stands the column—a plain, simple, broken column somewhat over five feet in height, upon which, nearly half-way between its centre and the top, is placed an American shield, one foot broad, across the face of which is the graceful symbol of the cavalry arm of the service, the crossed sabres, with the "7" in the usual angle.

The marble used is an unusually fine piece, and has evidently been selected with a view to strength and durability as well as beauty.

THE KING BIRD OF PARADISE.

MR. A. R. WALLACE, in his recent work on "The Malay Archipelago," gives the following account of finding, for the first time, the King Bird of Paradise, that brightest gem of the feathered family:

"The first two or three days of our stay here were very wet, and I obtained but few insects or birds; but at length, when I was beginning to despair, my boy, Baderoon, returned one day with a specimen which repaid me for a month of delay and expectation. It was a small bird, a little less than a thrush. The greater part of its plumage was of an intense cinnabar red, with a glaze as of spun glass. On the head the feathers became short and velvety, and shaded into rich orange. Beneath, from the breast downward, was pure white, with the softness and gloss of silk, and across the breast a band of deep metallic green separated this color from the red of the throat. Above each eye was a round spot of the same metallic green. The bill was yellow, and the feet and legs were of a fine cobalt blue, strikingly contrasting with all the other parts of the body. Merely in arrangement of colors and texture of plumage, this little bird was a gem of the first water, yet these comprised only half its strange beauty. Springing from each side of the breast, and ordinarily lying concealed under the wings, were little tufts of grayish feathers, about two inches long, and each terminated by a broad band of intense emerald green. These plumes can be raised at the will of the bird, and spread out into a pair of wings when the wings are elevated. But this is not the only ornament. The two middle feathers of the tail are in the form of slender wires, about five inches long, and which diverge in a beautiful double curve. About half an inch of the end of this wire is webbed on the outside only, and colored of a fine metallic green, and being curved spirally inward, form a pair of elegant glittering buttons, hanging five inches below the body, and the same distance apart. These two ornaments, the breast-feathers and the spirally-tipped tail wires, are altogether unique, not occurring on any other species of the eight thousand different birds that are known to exist upon the earth, and, combined with the most exquisite beauty of plumage, render this one of the most perfectly lovely of the many lovely productions of nature. My transports of admiration and delight quite amused my Aru hosts, who saw nothing more in the 'Burong raja' than we do in the robin or the goldfinch. Thus one of my objects in coming to the far East was accomplished. I had obtained a specimen of the King Bird of Paradise (*Paradisea regia*), which had been described by Linnaeus from skins preserved in a mutilated state by the natives. I knew how few Europeans had ever beheld the perfect little organism I now gazed upon, and how very imperfectly it was still known in Europe. The emotions excited in the mind of a naturalist, who has long desired to see the actual things which he has hitherto known only by description, drawing, or hasty-preserved external covering, especially when that thing is of surpassing rarity and beauty, require the poetic faculty fully to express them. The remote island in which I found myself situated, in an almost unvisited sea, far from the track of merchant fleets and navies; the wild, luxuriant, tropical forest, which stretched far away on every side; the rude, uncultured savages who gathered round me—all had their influence in determining the emotions with which I gazed upon this 'thing of beauty.' I thought of the long ages of the past, during which the successive generations of this little creature had run their course—year by year being born, and living and dying, amid these dark and gloomy woods, with no intelligent eye to gaze upon their loveliness, to all appearance such a wasted waste of beauty. Such ideas excite a feeling

of melancholy. It seems sad that, on the one hand, such exquisite creatures should live out their lives and exhibit their charms only in these wild, inhospitable regions, doomed for ages yet to come to hopeless barbarism; while, on the other hand, should civilized man ever reach these distant lands, and bring moral, intellectual and physical light into the recesses of these virgin forests, we may be sure that he will so disturb the nicely-balanced relations of organic and inorganic nature as to cause the disappearance, and finally the extinction, of these very beings whose wonderful structure and beauty he alone is fitted to appreciate and enjoy. This consideration must surely tell us that all living things were not made for man. Many of them have no relation to him. The cycle of their existence has gone on independently of his, and is disturbed or broken by every advance in man's intellectual development; and their happiness and enjoyments, their loves and hates, their struggles for existence, their vigorous life and early death, would seem to be immediately related to their own well-being and perpetuation alone, limited only by the equal well-being and perpetuation of the numberless other organisms with which each is more or less intimately connected."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

DRAWING-ROOMS—Apartments of a dentist.

STEADY work—Walking on the tight-rope.

PAIL creatures—Dairymaids.

A WATER-SPOUT—A temperance oration.

THE earliest tubular bridge—The bridge of the nose.

A WHIT of attachment—A marriage certificate.

DOMESTIC tadpoles—Authors; because their tails come from their heads.

THE pleasures of the (time) tables—Hunting for a train in a railroad guide.

HERE is a "personal" advertisement in a French newspaper: "Eliza: you can return to the house. The bell on my nose has gone."

EARLY PIETY.—Matilda Jane (catching the pastor from Sunday-school): "Oh, sir, please, what would you charge to christen my doll?"

WHAT is that which was born without a soul, lived and had a soul, yet died without a soul? The whale that swallowed Jonah.

A YOUNG lady who has been studying finance for some time past wishes to know whether the day rate of gold affects the nitrate of silver.

WHY is a list of musical composers like a saucepan? Because it is incomplete without a handle.

A MAN out West who read that dry copperas put in a bed of ants would cause them to leave, put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she wouldn't go. He says she was here at last accounts.

ONE of the gentler sex says that the heaven of the strong-minded woman is "where buttons grow in their proper places, and where men cease bothering, and needles are at rest."

"HALLO! I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?"

"Oh, it'll cure everything, heal anything!"

"Ah, well, I'll take a bottle; maybe it'll heal my boots; they need it bad enough!"

"MAMMA," said a little urchin, peeping from beneath the bedclothes, "I am cold; I want some more cover on the bed."

"Lie still, my dear," said the mother, "until your sister comes home from church; she has got the courage for a bustle."

"UNCLE," said a young man, who thought his guardian supplied him rather sparingly with pocket-money, "is Chase's head still on the dollar bill?"

"Of course it is, you stupid fellow. Why do you ask?"

"Because it is so long since I saw one."

DURING a recitation on natural history, in one of our female colleges, a professor asked a blooming miss:

"Why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then another?"

"I think," returned the fair student, with a quizzical look, "it's because she can't turn both ways at once."

WHEN General Marshall heard that General Pogram intended entering Kentucky with his command, he felt as if his own preserves were being poached upon, and sent word to Pogram that he must not come into the State. Pogram replied that he was preparing, and intended to enter Kentucky at once. Marshall declared that, if he did, he would have to pass over his (Marshall's) dead body. Whereupon Pogram responded that that would be too much to expect of his artillery, but if he found the obstacle in his way, he would immediately tunnel through. Considering the rotundity of Marshall's body, the repartee was good.

A BARBER was brought up at a police court in Paris, charged with having customers in his house after midnight, and permitting horrible noises. In his defense the barber said:

"The whole affair is this: M. Merion is not to be trusted, as he does not pay ready money. He used to cheat me in the number of shaves for which he owed me, and when he had twelve, he used to say that he had only six, so that I lost both my razor, my soap and my time. At last I devised a method of keeping a reckoning not to be disputed. Every time I shave him I make a notch in his cheek. When we count up I look at his cheek—so many notches, so many shaves; but the other day the razor turned in my hand. I made the figure too large, and it was this that made him cry out and disturb the neighborhood."

THE GENUINE ARTICLE.—An incorrigible loafer being taken to task for his laziness, replied: "I tell you, gentlemen, you are mistaken. I have not a lazy bone in my body; but the fact is I was born tired." It was the same fellow, that threw himself rufly down under a tree, one hot day, closed his eyes, and languidly murmured: "Now breathe, if you want to—I'll be hanged if I will." It was a second cousin of him, whom friends decided to bury alive to keep him from starving, it being a time of famine, and he being too lazy to work. On their way to the grave, they met a benevolent man, who offered to give him a bushel of corn, rather than to see him buried alive. He raised the coffin-lid, and drawled out: "Is—it-shelled?" "No, but you can shell it." "Drive—on—boys."

AN amusing mistake occurred at one of our churches recently, which it will do to make a note of. A sombre-dressed and well-behaved young gentleman, and a stranger in the city, wended his way to one of the places where the gospel is dispensed, and upon entering the church the minister politely bowed as in recognition of the young gentleman, which salutation the stranger could but return. The minister then arose from his seat in the pulpit, came down to the place where the young man had seated himself, and asked him to take a place in the pulpit, and make a prayer.

Stranger: "Guess you are mistaken in your man, sir."

Minister: "You are the gentleman, I believe, with whom I had a conversation yesterday."

Stranger: "No, sir; I am an *agent* for a wholesale liquor-store in Cincinnati."

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine about ten years ago, and while learning to use it, without instruction, broke one needle; after that, for more than nine years, I had the machine in almost daily use, doing all my family sewing, and very much for friends and others, and instructed seven persons in the use of the machine, without breaking a needle. My machine has never cost one penny for repairs. I have sewed hours with a worrisome babe in my lap, working upon fragments of the most delicate texture, as well as upon men's and boys' clothes of the heaviest material. I have made garments for the cradle, the bridal, the hospital and the funeral. Entering into every vicissitude of life, my machine has become, as it were, a part of my being. Mrs. M. L. PECK.

Mexico, N. Y.

THE SEASON FOR FURS.—Those animals of the forest and the water whose fur-covered skins are so acceptable to our ladies in the season of snow, were extremely prolific last year, and hunters and trappers were repaid for their labor and daring and cunning in following the bear and trapping the beaver, or in shooting the mink. The result of their success has had a tendency, as we recently ascertained on inquiry at the large fur depot of GUNTER'S, Broadway, to reduce the prices of their comfortable articles of wearing apparel when called upon to face the keen, whistling blast or the whirling, penetrating snow.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.—The long nights are upon us, and while the members of the family gather around the cheerful fire, amusement of some kind is, or should be the order of the hour. And this reminds us that "The Novelty Game Company," at 14 Murray street, has just received and opened an immense assortment of attractive games for the holidays, which we invite all who delight in fun and originality to call and see.

LADIES and Misses are invited to call at 637 Broadway, and examine the unusually large and handsome stock of hose and other goods now being offered by the proprietors, Union Adams & Co., at extremely low prices. The firm invites particular attention to their fine qualities of patent merino vests, patent merino drawers, fleecy cotton hose, fancy hose, and varieties of gloves. We suggest to our lady friends the propriety of visiting 637 Broadway.

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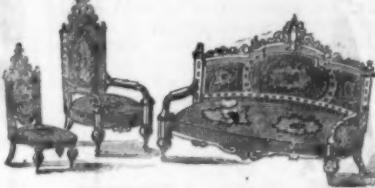
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